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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

SUMMARY OF THE NEWS	557
THE WEEK	558
EDITORIAL ARTICLES:	
Lying for the Sake of War	561
Senator O'Gorman's Speech	561
The Price of Health-Worship	562
Other Worlds than Ours	563
Rationale of Schoolboy Blunders	564
FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE:	
The Improvement in Anglo-German Relations	564
The Political Crisis in Japan	565
A NAUGHTY DECADE	566
NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES	568
BOOKS AND MEN	569
CORRESPONDENCE	570
LITERATURE:	
The Hapsburg Monarchy	572
Hungary's Fight for National Existence	572
The Life of the Emperor Francis Joseph	572
Grannie	574
Sunrise Valley	574
Dodo's Daughter	575
My Lady of the Chinese Courtyard	575
Ezekiel Expands	575
Studies from an Eastern Home	575
A NEW NOTE IN FRENCH FICTION	576
NOTES	577
SCIENCE:	
Glimpses of Cosmos	579
DRAMA:	
Recent London Productions	581
"The Charm of Isabel"	583
MUSIC:	
Musical History and Instruments	583
ART:	
The International	584
FINANCE:	
The Remarkable Harvest Outlook	586
BOOKS OF THE WEEK	586

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1914.

Summary of the News

Rumors and alarms over the Mexican crisis have been plentiful, but, so far as the United States is concerned, there has been no marked change in the situation since we wrote last week, nor is any decided change anticipated pending the meeting of the mediators at Niagara Falls next Monday. That the military situation at Vera Cruz has occasioned anxiety has been evident from the frequent consultations of the military authorities at Washington, and the preparations made to reinforce Gen. Funston's forces. Gen. Huerta, on Friday, made representations through the mediators protesting that the activities of the American troops at Vera Cruz were in violation of the armistice, and another protest was made on Monday against the "occupation" of Lobos Island, the light on which is being tended by American sailors for the benefit of navigation. It is understood that the agreement in force, which Gen. Huerta terms an armistice, permits of the strengthening or moving of the troops on either side within their own lines, so long as no advance is made.

Two other incidents in the week which at one time caused serious alarm have been satisfactorily settled. The German steamship *Kronprinzessin Cecilie*, which had on board a consignment of arms and ammunition for Huerta, sailed from Vera Cruz on Monday without having discharged her cargo, and news was received on Tuesday that the Mexican Government had ordered the immediate release of Vice-Consul John R. Silliman, who had been held a prisoner at Saltillo and concerning whose safety considerable anxiety had been felt.

The rebel attack on Tampico was renewed on Sunday, and reports of its capture have been circulated and contradicted with bewildering frequency. At the time of writing indications are that its fall will not long be delayed, and with Tampico in the hands of the rebels it seems probable that Saltillo will be abandoned and that the Federal forces will fall back on San Luis Potosí, or some point even further south. Rumors persist that disaffection is spreading among Huerta's forces.

We comment elsewhere on the wranglings which have marked the proceedings of the Colorado Legislature in connection with the recent mine riots. It is satisfactory, however, to note that the admirable conduct of the Federal troops has had the effect of quieting the strike area and no further disturbances have been reported. On Monday the President issued an order for the compulsory disarmament of all civilians, including deputy sheriffs, five o'clock Wednesday evening being fixed as the time limit for the voluntary surrender of arms. On

Monday the Colorado House of Representatives passed the third reading of the bill to provide a \$1,000,000 bond issue to pay for past, present, and future expenses of the militia in the strike field.

The Naval Appropriation bill was passed by the House on May 7. The bill carries approximately \$140,000,000, and authorizes a building programme of two new battleships, six torpedo-boat destroyers, and eight submarines.

A resolution authorizing the President to increase the strength of the regular army to 110,000 men was presented to the Senate on May 7 by Senator Chamberlain, of Oregon, chairman of the Military Affairs Committee. The resolution was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.

A report issued by the Agricultural Department on May 7 indicates that the United States will this year harvest the greatest winter wheat crop in its history. According to the report, the condition of the growing crop over the whole of the United States is 95.9 per cent. perfect, and a harvest of 630,000,000 bushels may be anticipated.

The final item of the Administration's anti-Trust programme came before the House on May 7, when the Railway Capitalization bill was reported by the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. The bill, which has met with a considerable amount of opposition from the big railways, provides that railways, before issuing stocks or bonds, shall obtain authority from the Interstate Commerce Commission; that all facts relating to the issue of stocks or bonds shall be made public through the Commission, and that interlocking directorates shall be prohibited except by permission of the Commission.

Two boats containing the captain and thirty men of the steamship *Columbian*, of the Leyland Line, which was wrecked by a series of explosions in her hold and abandoned, burning, on May 4, 150 miles south of Sable Island, N. S., were picked up on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week by the *Franconia* and the *Manhattan*. A third boat, containing the rest of the crew, variously estimated at nineteen to twenty-five in number, has not yet been accounted for, but it is hoped that she may have been rescued by some steamship not carrying wireless.

There is apparently a prospect that the British Government may reconsider to some extent its uncompromising refusal to be officially represented at the Panama Exposition. A deputation consisting of nearly half of the members of the House of Commons waited upon Mr. Asquith last week to suggest for his consideration a scheme by which the Government should build a special pavilion which should serve as a rallying point for British subjects. The Premier intimated that the scheme, which would involve small cost, might be adopted.

It was officially announced in London on Thursday of last week that Prince Alexander of Teck, brother of Queen Mary, will succeed the Duke of Connaught in October as Governor-General of Canada.

No important developments have occurred in the Home Rule situation. Conversations have taken place between members of the Government and Nationalist leaders, and it was reported that a conference was also held early last week at which Mr. Asquith and Mr. Winston Churchill met Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson. If, however, the meeting took place, the results of it have not been made public. A petition from the Unionists of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, protesting against the Home Rule bill, was sent to the King on Monday.

The French general elections were completed on May 10, when supplementary ballots were taken in the 252 constituencies which failed to give the majorities necessary to elect candidates at the first voting on April 26. The outstanding feature of the elections is the success of the Unified Socialists, who have obtained 102 seats in the new Chamber as compared with 64 in the last Parliament. The grouping of the new Chamber is given in cable dispatches as follows: Extreme Socialists, 102; Independent and Republican Socialists, 30; United Radicals, 136; Independent Radicals and Republicans of the Left, 102; Democratic Alliance, 100; Progressive and Federated Republicans, 54; National Liberals, 34; Right, composed of Royalists and Extreme Conservatives, 26; Independent, 16. The *Paris Temps*, analyzing the returns, gives 308 of the 602 members as in favor of the three years' military service, 279 as supporting the income tax, and 352 for proportional representation.

A severe earthquake occurred on the east coast of Sicily on Friday night, and slighter shocks were felt on the three days following. Nearly a score of villages were destroyed by the shock of Friday, and the number of persons killed is estimated at between 150 and 200. The Italian Government has undertaken the work of relief, and troops are restoring order in the district.

Fighting continues in northern Epirus between Epirotes and Albanians, the former apparently being in the ascendant. A massacre of Mohammedan Albanians was reported to have taken place at Kodra early last week.

The deaths of the week include: Amédée Gasquet, Judge John F. Dillon, May 5; Dr. Charles S. Wainwright, Countess Edmond de Pourtales, May 6; Col. Milton Park, Vincenzo Lombardi, May 8; Charles W. Post, May 9; Mme. Lillian Nordica, Ernst von Schuch, Frau von Bethmann-Hollweg, Sir William A. Smith, May 10; Col. John C. C. Mayo, Daniel de Leon, Arthur Gillespie, Major-Gen. Charles B. Hall, May 11.

The Week

Dispatches from Vera Cruz indicate that the army officers in command there are not losing their heads over the alleged killing of Private Parks, an orderly who, apparently in a state of mental aberration, caused by the heat, rode away from the American lines towards the Mexican lines. Gen. Funston, it is stated, deems it inadvisable to open formal communication with Gen. Maas, and is therefore leaving the case to be dealt with from Washington. But the incident serves to emphasize the special nature of the responsibility at present resting on President Wilson. That responsibility is more acute, and demands more constant and unflinching firmness in the pursuit of a fixed principle of conduct, than at any previous stage of the situation. Now from one quarter, now from another, will come distressing or disturbing stories, true and false. To sift the truth from the falsehood is in itself far from a light undertaking, and yet this is not the most troublesome aspect of these matters. The incident of the Tampico refugees is a striking exemplification of the kind of danger that has continually to be dealt with—the danger of emotion and ignorance getting the better of judgment and knowledge. It is so much more “natural” to get indignant over the fact that the American warships did not go into the harbor and carry off our fellow-citizens than to recognize that in accepting the offer of the British commander we saved the lives of our compatriots instead of exposing them to slaughter by infuriated Mexicans, and gave the peace negotiations a chance instead of plunging the country into war. The President has a trying task before him in steering the ship through these troubled waters; but it is a noble work, and the country trusts him to hold the rudder true.

Congress and President seem to be settling down to a clear determination that the session must come to an end early in July. The decision is a wise one. After the first of July, any consideration that Congress may give to the questions involved in the very important measures which the President desires to have passed is sure to be far from adequate. What it may be possi-

ble to accomplish in the weeks still before it, nobody can predict with confidence; the one thing certain is that a jamming-through process at this stage, especially in relation to the Trust bills, would be thoroughly bad. There are many essential points of difference between the legislative situation surrounding these bills and that which existed in regard to the Tariff bill and the Banking and Currency bill. The lowering of the tariff was a clearly defined and central part of the programme to which the Democratic party was pledged. The reform of the banking and currency laws had been for years a universally acknowledged need of the country, and the work of the Monetary Commission, while not disposing of the difficulties and controversies affecting it, had brought public opinion to a point at which a settlement could be compassed by vigorous and patriotic leadership. Upon the Trust bills there is neither any definiteness of programme nor any general feeling in the country of the need of them. On the other hand, there is a widespread and intense conviction that the country is entitled to a rest. If Congress should adjourn without passing any Trust bills, the disappointment would, we imagine, be about as keen as would be the disappointment of the people of New York if the recent Constitutional Convention election should be declared void by the courts.

It is gratifying to learn, from the general testimony of the Washington dispatches, that the Senate is likely to judge Mr. Wilson's appointments to the Federal Reserve Board on the basis of experience, knowledge, and fitness for the duties which will have to be performed. If confirmation is to be determined on these grounds, there will be little doubt of the Senate's favorable action. Indeed, one good result of the thorough Congressional discussion of the Banking law's provisions, in and out of the committees last autumn, is that the average Congressman has gained an unusually clear idea of the peculiarly exacting technical problems which will confront the Board, and of the absolute necessity of competent men to deal with them. No objection has been raised in any quarter to any of the President's nominations, on the ground of incompetence for the office. The most

that has been heard, by way of criticism, is the somewhat perfunctory remark of one or two Senators like Mr. Bristow, that the proposed Board is “reactionary in its personnel.” “Reactionary” is always a serviceable word when a critic is at loss to find an explicit basis of opposition. In the present instance it might mean that the nominees were too largely men experienced in banking, or that they were men who would hesitate to indulge in haphazard experiments, or that they were likely to shape their official policies through study of the experience of the older and successful state banks of Europe. Inasmuch as Senators of the majority party are aware that the party's prestige will be affected by the practical success or failure of the important experiment, and inasmuch as Senators of the opposition party are committed to the general purposes of the act, we imagine that such an argument will cut little figure in obstruction.

From Para Col. Roosevelt hurled the word “blackmail” at the \$25,000,000 which the new treaty proposes that the United States pay to Colombia. This is characteristic, but hardly conclusive. For Roosevelt himself when President, or, at any rate, his Secretary of State, Mr. Root, speaking for him, admitted that Colombia was entitled to money damages from us. He pointed out, early in 1909, when the Root-Cortez treaty was pending, that there were, in the treaty of 1846, as also by the original contract with the French Panama Canal Company, certain “stipulations and reservations running to Colombia,” which it was necessary for this Government to quiet in order to make its title to the Canal Zone “unquestioned.” In order to do this, Secretary Root offered, among other things, to pay the sum of \$1,250,000. Was that blackmail? When the Taft Administration increased the offer of this country to \$10,000,000, was it blackmail? Whether the proposed \$25,000,000 is too much, we need not at present discuss. But it cannot fairly be called blackmail by the man who himself was ready to pay a smaller sum. Blackmail begins with the first cent, not with the last million.

In 1907 the New Haven found it advisable, so it is declared, to get rid of

some 109,000 shares of Boston & Maine stock which it held. Mr. Billard, a private capitalist, agreed to buy it at \$125 per share. For this, and for some additional shares—enough to obtain control—he paid part from his own cash resources and borrowed for the balance, one of the lenders being a subsidiary company of the New Haven itself. A year or so later the New Haven desired to buy back the stock. It did so at \$150, paying, not in cash, but in the notes of another New Haven subsidiary. These notes Mr. Billard sold to a corporation which was organized for the purpose and in which he was the only stockholder, and that corporation issued its own notes in return. The New Haven subsidiary which had loaned to Mr. Billard, when he first bought the Boston & Maine stock, now purchased from him the fourteen millions Billard Corporation notes. With part of the proceeds he paid off his debt to that same subsidiary, and his loan to a New York bank. There remained the notes of the Billard Company held by the first of the New Haven subsidiaries, and these were in part redeemed by selling to the lending company the notes of the other New Haven subsidiary, which were collateral against the Billard Company's obligations. Mr. Billard's testimony before the Interstate Commerce Commission did not make it clear how all this remarkable series of financial achievements left the mutual indebtedness of the various participants who had alternately figured as borrowers from or lenders to one another.

None of the outward and visible memorials to the lofty place that Lincoln has already assuredly taken in history will be so striking in its significance as the statue that is to be erected opposite Westminster Abbey in connection with the peace centenary next year. The statue, which is to be a replica of Saint-Gaudens's impressive work in Lincoln Park, Chicago, is to be dedicated on Lincoln's birthday, which happens to fall within three days of the centenary of the signing of the Treaty of Ghent. Next year, it may be noted, will be also the semi-centennial of Lincoln's death. It would be difficult to imagine a more dramatic setting for the statue than the one chosen. Hard by are the stately Houses of Parliament, and statues of

such typical British statesmen as Peel, Palmerston, Disraeli, and Canning. What can an Illinois railsplitter, and rough and ready debater on New World questions, have to do with polished gentlemen like these? Even the presence of a statue of Cromwell only emphasizes the wonder of the matter, for Lincoln was neither a zealot nor a dictator. Yet no one will question his right to stand there, in streaming London's central roar, and visitors to the metropolis of the world will not look with least interest and emotion upon the figure of the ungainly man from across the sea.

Gov. Blease's failure to control the Democratic State Convention of South Carolina, which is assured by his defeat in a large majority of the counties that have chosen delegates, does not necessarily mean his defeat for the Senatorship. The chief questions that are to come before the State Convention bear, indeed, upon the primary at which the Senatorial nominee is to be chosen, and virtually elected. These questions are the safeguarding against fraud, charges of which were pointedly made in connection with the primary of 1912, and the restriction of admission to the primary to those who are constitutionally qualified to vote at the regular election. At present, white illiterates are permitted to vote in the primary, which is the real election, and their better educated neighbors then go through the solemn farce of ratifying in November the ticket so chosen. As Blease has always been strong with voters who could be stirred by appeals to race and other prejudices, exclusion from the primary of men who, knowing the law, have grown up without taking the trouble to learn to read and write, would apparently be a severe blow to him. But the Convention is more likely to pay attention to the methods of preventing fraud than to the question of who shall be eligible to vote in the primary.

At this distance, the chief thing that stands out in the doings of the Colorado Legislature thus far is an apparently complete failure to realize the disgrace that has fallen upon the State, and to join hands in an endeavor to redeem its good name. The Legislature was, of course, sure to have to grapple with subjects of controversy upon which feel-

ing would be intense and struggle would be protracted. But in a State conscious of the obligations of its primary duty, and alive to the most rudimentary promptings of self-respect, the reestablishment of the supremacy of its own government within its own borders would demand and obtain the attention of the Legislature, to the exclusion of all other elements in the situation, until it was provided for. The wranglings at Denver are a most significant commentary on the bloodshed and anarchy in the mining districts. Impotence in the maintenance of the law, there is but too much reason to believe, has been merely a reflection of the lack of that kind of public sentiment upon which, in the last analysis, the integrity and the potency of the law everywhere depend. It is to be hoped that the Legislature will yet show that it has the capacity to rise to the demands of the situation. If it does not—if it shows itself content to leave the duty of maintaining law and order within its own borders to be performed for an indefinite time by the United States army—it will put Colorado in a place which no sister State of her rank in population and wealth has ever been willing to occupy.

Ohio is becoming an experiment station for municipal government. Taking advantage of the constitutional amendment granting home rule to cities, Dayton is trying the city-manager plan, and Columbus has just adopted a new charter which is described as a modified federal scheme. It was adopted by only 1,000 majority in a total vote of 16,000, which is but 40 per cent. of the vote cast at the last election. The features of the new charter are a council of seven chosen at large in place of the present council of sixteen chosen by wards; non-partisan election of, and preferential voting for, Mayor, City Attorney, and Auditor, with the initiative, referendum, and recall. Separation of executive and legislative powers is preserved by leaving in the hands of the Mayor the usual authority to appoint and remove officers whose positions are created by the Council, while the Mayor and the Council are brought together by the provision that the Mayor has a seat in the Council, but no vote. It is not easy to see why the principles of non-partisan election and preferential voting

should not be applied to the Council as well as to the other elective officers.

Lillian Nordica was the greatest vocal artist America has produced. For sheer luscious beauty of tone her voice has seldom been equalled—"glorious" was an adjective frequently applied to it. She had, too, what most singers lack, style, and plentiful powers of expression. She modestly attributed her success to her zeal and industry. "Plenty," she once remarked, "have natural voices equal to mine, plenty have talent equal to mine, but I have worked." Like Lilli Lehmann, her only superior in the parts of Isolde and Brünnhilde, she retained the art of singing Italian florid music, brilliantly long after she had become a Wagnerian specialist. She applied the Italian art of *bel canto* to Wagner's "speech-song"; and, conversely, infused the charms of the fervent dramatic style into such a part as Gounod's Marguerite. No artist was ever more eager to benefit by every hint given by the composer, in libretto, score, essay, or letter; yet so well did she know the art of concealing art that the result had the charm of emotional spontaneity. While the opera was her special domain, she was also inspiring in oratorio; the chance to hear her sing the "Inflammatus" in Rossini's "Stabat Mater" always drew a crowded house. As a singer of *Lieder* also she had few equals, often delighting connoisseurs with new touches, as when, in Schumann's "Nussbaum," she emphasized the heart-story in it more than the whispering of the leaves.

Since Lord Elgin's day there has been strong sentiment against the spoliation of relics by the agents of museums, and others; it is pleasant to see it showing itself with regard to defenceless Oriental lands. At a meeting last week of the American Museum of Natural History, "the trustees," we read, "authorized the president to communicate with the Chinese Government endorsing the movement of the Asiatic Institute for the preservation of the antiquities of China." Such action hopefully coincides with that of other institutions in America and Europe. Nowhere more than from the nations eloquent for Chinese unity, have travellers, explorers, ambassadors, teachers fallen into the habit of

purchasing or confiscating works of artistic or antiquarian value. In so far as commercial use is made of them, home legislation can check the trade; so far as their collection is by individuals, for public or private preservation, it has remained for the campaign of the Asiatic Institute to foster a sentiment against the graver abuses.

To Irish Home Rule it is presumably appropriate that a lively row should leave the combatants in friendly mood. The army-against-the-people episode brought the House of Commons temper to a high pitch of exasperation, but ended on a strong note of peace. The recent gun-running episode gave rise to a revival of bitter partisanship; but once more conciliation seems to be to the fore. There is good reason for believing that a second peace conference is already in session, and that any day may bring an acceptable basis of compromise. This does not mean that the extremists on either side have been won over. A resolution against Home Rule in any form has just been signed by a hundred Unionists. In view of the fact that some form of Home Rule has been accepted by Carson and Bonar Law, and that Arthur Balfour in a pathetic speech virtually admitted that Home Rule was bound to come, we can look upon this latest manifesto as only another expression of the "die-hard" spirit which has brought repeated misfortune on the Unionist party.

If Mr. Austen Chamberlain was content to say that the proposals in Mr. Lloyd George's new budget are so complex that they require much examination, Americans may well be cautious in passing judgment upon them. The estimated expenditures for the fiscal year 1914-15 pass the billion-dollar mark by \$30,000,000. The amount has been growing at an impressive rate, for a long time, and there is no sign of a slackening. Much of this increase has been due to the growing demands of war-preparedness, much to the social-welfare programme which has been the distinctive feature of the present Liberal Government's policy. To neither of these can any assignable limit be set; and there is accordingly likewise no telling to what heights taxation may be

carried, especially in the case of the wealthy and the well-to-do. Already, in the proposed budget, the income-tax rate is above 13 per cent. in the case of large incomes, and nearly 7 per cent. in the case of "unearned" incomes—that is, incomes derived from investments—whether large or small; while the death-duties, or inheritance taxes, reach a maximum of 20 per cent. What the ultimate effect of this policy may prove to be, it would be rash to predict. For Americans, it may be sufficient to remark that, if we should ever commit ourselves to the general principle of national provision for old-age pensions, charity subventions, and the like, the scale on which it would be carried out would be pretty sure to make the British experiment seem trifling.

On Sunday occurred the second and final round in the elections to the Chamber of Deputies in France. The one outstanding result is a notable increase in the strength of the Unified Socialists, who will count roughly 100 in the new Chamber, a gain of more than 30. This leaves the official Socialist party in the French Parliament not far behind the German Socialists with 110 members of the Reichstag, and the German record is surpassed if we include the French Socialists of independent standing who do not recognize the discipline of M. Jaurès. Among the other groups that make up the Radical majority in the Chamber of Deputies, there have been comparatively unimportant shiftings. Group and party lines are far from rigid in the French Chamber, and the fortune of programmes and leaders cannot be foretold on the basis of the elections. It is difficult to say even what the opinion of the country has been on issues like the three years' military service or the income tax. On the one hand, figures have been published showing that candidates in favor of maintaining the service of three years have been successful. But this is outweighed by the very striking increase among the Socialists, who are in favor of returning to the two years' service. The quinquennial recurrence of parliamentary elections shows the unquestioned solidification of the Republic. The various monarchist factions and the Conservative Centre have been steadily going down.

LYING FOR THE SAKE OF WAR.

We hear of many complaints about newspaper "specials" from Mexico. The regular press services give cause enough, in all conscience, for disquietude. They feel compelled to send on a certain amount of rumor, but it is plainly labelled as such. No like restraint influences the correspondents in the employ of certain New York newspapers. Of them it is necessary to use plain language. More than one of them is known in the profession to be utterly untrustworthy. They have been detected before in reckless lying. Moreover, the stories they have forwarded are obviously composed in large part of wild romancing. They snap up the most improbable reports and enlarge upon them with every detail that their fancy can suggest. All that one would need to do to demonstrate their entire untruthfulness would be to take a series of their dispatches, covering a period of a week or ten days, and see how assertion after assertion falls to the ground. They do not retract anything proven false, these correspondents; they simply replace one lie with another.

Now, the great harm done by their conscienceless work, and especially by printing it day after day under big headlines, is that it inevitably confuses and misleads the American public. The general newspaper reader cannot be expected to scrutinize narrowly all that is laid before him as coming from Mexico. He knows nothing of the character of the men sending on the stuff. Nor is he accustomed to noting closely internal evidence, or to weighing inherent probabilities. He gets merely the constant iteration of alarming news, and the impression made upon him is that war is inevitable. And, of course, to produce that impression is precisely the fiendish intent of the men who invent insults to the United States in Mexico, and who manufacture outrages out of whole cloth. They are in their hearts for war and would stop at nothing to bring it on.

The sensational newspapers for two or three weeks past recounted the slaughter of Americans by scores. Americans had been set upon and butchered in Mexico City; they had been killed in San Luis and in Orizaba; Saltillo and Tampico and Cuernavaca had their American slain. But we now know, as the truth has slowly filtered

out, that all this mass of rumor and insinuation and alarm had the smallest possible foundation in fact. The early statements were not withdrawn; they were stamped as false, one after another, by the mere course of events. It is now well established that there has been nothing like a massacre of Americans anywhere in Mexico. Since the relations between the two countries became acute, there may have been a few individual cases of murder, or attempted murder, but it is now certain that the positive and alarmist reports of a few days ago were one part rumor to nine parts lying.

As the facts become known, it is more and more evident that the Mexican authorities have done all within their power to protect the lives of Americans, and to aid them in leaving the country in safety, when they desire to do so. Tucked away on an inside page of the New York Times of last Sunday was a little telegram from Mexico City, conveying the attitude and belief of many Americans there. They think that their danger has been greatly exaggerated. Especially is it untrue that long-time American residents, who have sense enough to refrain from acts of provocation, are exposed to any special risk. The telegram concludes:

Every day well-known American men and women are seen tranquilly walking in the thoroughfares of the city. Women engage in their shopping or marketing as usual.

So far from being naturally ferocious, the great majority of Mexicans are naturally gentle.

With what special wonder must a first-hand statement like this overcome a reader long fed on the lurid accounts of sensational newspapers! Yet every one who knows anything at all about the Mexicans knows that they have been grossly calumniated by much of the matter that has been published in the American press. Mexico has her turbulent classes. And she has, unhappily, a long tradition of cruelty in warfare. But to suppose, as many of our rash newspaper writers would have us, that the mass of the Mexican people are bloodthirsty and treacherous and without the element of humanity, is monstrous. It is really an affront to our intelligence. All the unbiassed witnesses speak well of the native Indian stock, making up, as it does, three-fourths of the population. The educated

classes have manners so fine as to make the ordinary American appear boorish. And they are not behind us in natural kind-heartedness.

"Will lying never cease?" Horace Greeley used indignantly to demand. It is probably too much to hope. But it is not too much to hope that the sentiment of a great people, in a time of national crisis, will not be moulded by systematic exaggerations and misrepresentations. Above all, it is not too much to hope that the policy of the Administration will not be determined by lying newspaper dispatches.

SENATOR O'GORMAN'S SPEECH.

Senator O'Gorman's speech on Panama tolls last Thursday was awaited with natural interest. He is the one leading Democrat in the Senate who has broken with his party and with the President on this question. It was right to expect, therefore, a powerful statement from him of the reasons which compelled him to this course. Moreover, his reputation as a Constitutional lawyer and as a former judge had inevitably awakened hopes of a great argument. We should hear the words of a jurist dealing with law and treaty. Seldom, indeed, have political and personal considerations so joined to give a Senator in advance a wide and attentive audience for a carefully prepared speech. The occasion was made for Senator O'Gorman. Did he rise to it?

A patient reading of the entire text of his speech leaves one with a sense of disappointment. Surely, this cannot be what the Senate and the country had been waiting for! It would be, we admit, unfair to expect Senator O'Gorman to strike out on wholly new lines in a matter which has been so thoroughly debated. He could not but traverse a good deal of familiar ground. But he might at least have given us ordered and coherent argument. He might have spared us the clap-trap about British arrogance and rapacity, and the wicked scheming of our railways, which any demagogue from the West could have got off with better grace than the Senator from New York. Above all, Senator O'Gorman might have addressed himself to the legal points involved with the close analysis and logical grappling of a mind trained by years on the bench. But he did not. His speech is

fung together, rather than close knit; and his arguments in the very matters where he was supposed to be a master are far from being conclusive.

We can touch upon his reasoning only at two or three points. Senator O'Gorman makes a great deal of our sovereign rights at Panama. These cannot be deeded away by treaty, although they are acquired by treaty. He roundly asserts that "the Supreme Court of the United States, in *Wilson against Shaw* (204 U. S., 33), decided that the sovereignty of the United States over this tract, known as the Canal Zone, is the same as over any other part of the United States." Senator O'Gorman does not cite any of the words used by the Court in the case referred to, and we think it would puzzle him to find any language in it justifying his sweeping assertion. The case of *Wilson against Shaw* was a suit to restrain the Secretary of the Treasury from paying out money or issuing bonds for the construction of a canal at Panama. And all that the Court held was that, *for the purposes of canal building*, we had sovereign rights on the Isthmus. This is no denial that our sovereignty there is limited. It came to us, by treaty with Panama, impressed with a trust. If we were not to execute the trust we should have no title to the Zone. The point was forcibly put by Representative Stevens, whose speech is, by common consent, reckoned the ablest that has been delivered on this whole subject. Referring to the fact that Panama still has, in ex-President Taft's phrase, "a shadow of sovereignty" over the Zone, Mr. Stevens asked what would happen if we were to abandon the canal project entirely. Why, the land would revert to Panama automatically! So far is it from being true, as Senator O'Gorman affirms, that our sovereignty at Panama is as unlimited as it is in Fourteenth Street.

The United States took the Zone impressed with a trust, and a part of that trust was, as plainly laid down in the treaty with Panama, to build the Canal and to open it, when constructed, "in conformity with all the stipulations of the treaty entered into by the Governments of the United States and Great Britain on November 18, 1901." This is the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, and to that and its interpretation we necessarily come back after all the irrelevant

blether about our limitless sovereign rights. But Senator O'Gorman has scarcely the patience to examine in detail the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. He does, indeed, offer an argument to show that the word "vessels" in that treaty does not mean coastwise vessels, but he regards the whole treaty as a "blunder," just as the Clayton-Bulwer treaty before it was a "dismal page" in our diplomatic history. We doubt, however, if Judge O'Gorman would have permitted a suitor in his court to squirm out of a contract on the plea that he was sorry he had ever entered into it; and whether the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was or was not the lamentably bad bargain that it is now asserted to be, there it stands, a national obligation, and there is no way of railing the seal off that bond.

It may be that the main reason why Senator O'Gorman did not, in the "greatest effort of his life," meet the expectations of his friends, is the fact that he felt that the battle had gone against him, and that the archers are pressing him sore. When all is said, there is a perfunctory air about his speech. He had to maintain his consistency. He had to go on record. In the very act, he seems to be aware that nothing which he can say will change a vote or affect the result. Indeed, he says in so many words that he is simply fulfilling a duty in making his solemn protest "before the deed is consummated." Despite all this, there will be disappointment that he was not able to make a better show of argument to justify his course. The hour was there, the high occasion, the great opportunity, but the powerful reasoner was wanting.

THE PRICE OF HEALTH-WORSHIP.

In a recent article Dr. Goldwater, Commissioner of Health of New York, has presented the case for "universal periodic medical examinations" with great vigor and force. So far as regards the advantage of early medical examination for the discovery, and possible effective treatment, of cases of cancer, tuberculosis, and certain other diseases, what he says is calculated to do much good. But there is a larger aspect to the proposal he puts forward—a proposal that has of late been much in the air—and to the doctrine upon which it rests. And it is time this larger aspect were realized in a manner commensur-

ate with its bearing on the whole character of human life.

Whether Dr. Goldwater, or Dr. Biggs before him, or the estimable and distinguished gentlemen who are the backers of the Life Extension Institute Movement, look upon *compulsory* medical examination of all persons as their goal, we cannot positively state. Apparently they do. Dr. Biggs has been quoted as advocating medical examination of all "citizens," which points very strongly that way. No unmistakable statement of such an object has yet been made, so far as we have observed; but we are as yet only in the first beginnings of the movement. Dr. Goldwater's article closes as follows:

The next great task of preventive medicine is, therefore, the inauguration of universal periodic medical examinations as an indispensable means for the control of all diseases, whether arising from injurious personal habits, from congenital or constitutional weakness, or from social and vocational conditions.

If we see this in the green tree, what may we expect to find in the dry? Will it be much of a step from "universal" examination to compulsory examination? Will it be much of a step from that to compulsory heeding of the results of that examination? Is there any limit that can safely be set to the extension, not of life, but of the meddling with life, which this whole movement promises?

But it is by no means on the score of legal compulsion alone that the proposal of "universal periodic medical examination" is open to objection. Whether brought about by legal requirement or by the pressure of general opinion, the benefits to health and the prolongation of life which it might effect would be purchased at a tremendous price. What that price would be it requires some power of imagination, perhaps, to realize; but some idea of it may be obtained from the very facts which Dr. Goldwater adduces. Take but a single one of them. "In a recent examination of the employees of a New York city bank," he says, "100 per cent. of the employees were found to be abnormal and on the sure road to diseases of heart, lungs, kidneys, or blood vessels." Very likely, this examination will have been the means of stopping the progress of disease in the case of some of these men; but if the fact is as stated, the whole body of them were suddenly con-

verted from a group of normal men, nearly all of whom were doubtless going about their work and their play with no thought of sickness, into a solid body of semi-invalids. Who shall say that the addition of two or three years to the average duration of their existence will outweigh, in the scales which measure real human values, the freedom, the elasticity, the unconsciousness of the trammels of the body, which have been impaired or destroyed by this intrusion?

And even from the standpoint of medical results, in the narrowest sense, there is room for grave misgivings. Not all diagnoses are correct; not all alarms given by medical men are well-founded. It may be said in reply that we must do the best we can. So be it. Let every man who feels that he has some reason to suspect that there may be something wrong get medical advice by all means, and get it early. He must take his chance of a certain average percentage of error. But whatever that percentage of error may now be—and it is not insignificant—would be a mere trifle in comparison with what the new programme bids fair to furnish. "The task before us," says Dr. Goldwater, "is to discover the first sign of departure from the normal physiological path, and promptly and effectually to apply the brake." With this as the ideal before them, will not the false alarms of the physicians outnumber those of to-day ten to one, or fifty to one? Will not thousands of persons who might have lived happily and comfortably to three score and ten before that "first sign of departure" had developed into anything serious, be called upon to exercise care, to be solicitous about their bodies instead of ignoring them, and, in no one knows how many cases, have their lives not only dulled, but actually shortened by hypochondria?

"Those to whom the care of delicate mechanical apparatus is entrusted," says Dr. Goldwater, "do not wait until a breakdown occurs, but inspect and examine the apparatus minutely, at regular intervals, and thus detect the first signs of damage." This is the favorite simile of the health-enthusiasts. But in it are embedded two fatal fallacies. In the first place, the working of a machine is not affected by our concern over it, while our body may be. And secondly, the only interest we have in the ma-

chine is that it shall function well as a mechanism; while in the case of our bodies we may deliberately choose to sacrifice perfection of the mechanism to other objects which we prize more highly—indeed, we must do so, at some point or other, if we wish to keep out of Bedlam.

OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS.

If we had a real sense for intellectual values, the centre of public interest nowadays would be found neither in the Mexican situation nor in the Colorado troubles, neither in the railway-rate question nor in the Administration programme as to Trust legislation. Things like these, which, however important they may seem at the moment, are, after all, of comparatively transient significance, would be completely overshadowed in interest by revelations that are being made, in at least two distinct directions, which must affect profoundly all our views of man and nature. We refer especially to two remarkable documents. One is the statement of Gen. Sir Alfred Turner, K.C.B., contained in the cable dispatches of Friday, concerning the visits paid by the late W. T. Stead, or his spirit, to sundry highly respectable persons who have not yet shuffled off this mortal coil. The other is the article by Maeterlinck, in the current number of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, telling in great detail of the intellectual prowess of the gifted horses of Elberfeld.

What to our mind gives special value to Major-Gen. Sir Alfred Turner's statement is that it goes far to remove a reproach often directed against the labors of psychical researchers. Unlike almost any other branch of science, it is said, this appears to be wholly lacking in the quality of progressiveness, of cumulative strength and definiteness. Now, although the casual reader of the news may not observe it, Gen. Turner's statement marks an advance of the highest importance. When Mr. Stead appeared, he tells us, to a group of persons gathered at Cambridge House to receive him, he "came to them in short, sharp flashes, dressed exactly as when on earth." This question of the clothes worn by returning spirits has always been one of the most perplexing in the whole matter; never before, so far as we can recall, has it been settled

by authority so impressive as that of a K.C.B. We know now that it is not only the spirit that returns, nor only its wonted bodily accompaniment, but also the outer garments of the latter. Thus a vast new field of research opens up; and there is every reason to expect that in the matter of costume—hitherto strangely neglected—there will be found far greater variety and interest than has as yet been developed by the oral communications of the ghostly visitants, though they have ranged all the way from Socrates to Stead.

Turning to Maeterlinck's article on "The Elberfeld Horses," we find in it an embarrassment of riches, and are reluctantly compelled to name only the one or two things that strike us as most remarkable. It is difficult to choose. One is tempted, for instance, to dwell on the rapidity with which the Arab stallion Muhamed acquired his mastery of arithmetic; so strikingly does it contrast not only with what one expects from a horse, but with what can usually be got out of even the most talented of boys or girls:

Within a fortnight of the first lesson, Muhamed did simple little addition and subtraction sums quite correctly. He had learned to distinguish the tens from the units, striking the latter with his right foot and the former with his left. He knew the meaning of the symbols plus and minus. Four days later, he was beginning multiplication and division. In four months' time, he knew how to extract square and cube roots.

But, after all, this gives no accurate idea of just what problems the horse could tackle; nor does it preclude the possibility of some kind of deception or mistake. We pass at once, therefore, to what is at once the crowning example of the horse's intellectual powers and a complete demonstration of their genuineness. Dr. Hamel, an investigator, "alone in the stable with the horse," its owner being away travelling, "takes from an envelope a problem of which he does not know the solution," namely, to find the fourth root of 7,890,481. "Muhamed replies, 53. The doctor looks at the back of the paper; once more the answer is perfectly correct."

Interesting as these marvels are in themselves, they are perhaps even more interesting in their bearing on the general question of the principles of belief and unbelief. The great majority of those persons who are usually regarded,

and who usually complacently regard themselves, as sound thinkers attach great importance to the antecedent probability or improbability of a given assertion, its accordance or disagreement with the whole body of human knowledge. When this improbability is very great, when this disagreement is extreme, they not only hesitate to believe it, but are usually unwilling to spend more than a moderate amount of time upon its consideration. It is for this reason that the champions of the view that the earth is flat, though they emerge into a certain conspicuousness at long intervals, can never get more than a brief hearing and a summary dismissal. It is for this reason that the inventors of Bacon-Shakespeare ciphers, though they get up a new one every year that is every bit as good as the one that was cast into limbo the year before, never succeed in having their doctrine recognized. The great service done by the Elberfeld horses lies not in the light they may throw upon the intelligence of animals, but in the rebuke they administer to the arrogance of science and of so-called common-sense. Hereafter, when any one is tempted to reject a tale simply because it is inherently absurd, or a scientific crotchet hatched in an untutored mind because it is ridiculous, the single word "Elberfeld" should suffice to reduce him to silence and shame.

RATIONALE OF SCHOOLBOY BLUNDERS.

By what the English call "howlers" in school recitations, examination papers, etc., amusement has long been furnished. Genuine or invented, undoubtedly often touched up as they are passed on in conversation or in print, they have usually been thought of as mere blunders, chance vagaries of the young human animal undergoing education. But, as was inevitable, they have now begun to be studied scientifically. Here is a range of mental activity—or inactivity—which has not been thoroughly investigated, with the results neatly classified; and it would appear that several inquirers are putting their hand to the work. Prof. John Adams, who holds the chair of Education in the University of London, has been lecturing to teachers on the need of defining "howlers," and tracing them to their source; and the London *Spectator* recently devoted a page to the subject.

A whole large class of schoolboy mistakes must, of course, be set down to lack of knowledge. "Pure ignorance, madam," is still as good an explanation as it was in Dr. Johnson's day. And when you add to it inattention on the

pupil's part, with a touch of impudence, you have the spring and origin of many school blunders. The boy takes a shot at a question, when he has no idea at all of the true answer to it, and thereby produces occasionally something brilliantly ludicrous. But these happy strokes of effrontery are not the commonest source of "howlers." If they were, there would be, of course, nothing in them to analyze; no obscure workings of the schoolboy mind to seek to follow. It is the honest blunderer who is in question, not the reckless guesser; and it appears possible to work out rules or reasons to account for different groups of "howlers."

One of them is, obviously, the little knowledge that is a dangerous thing—knowledge misunderstood or not assimilated. The boy knows something about the subject, but knows it hazily, and in trying to come out of his fog makes unconscious jokes. This was the case of the schoolgirl who was asked to explain the "classes" into which the United States Senate was originally divided by the Constitution. She wrote that the Senate was divided into three classes, the civilized, the semi-civilized, and the savage. To those who laughed at this as ignorance, Mark Twain protested that, in fact, the girl "knew too much."

Translation from foreign languages is naturally a fruitful mother of unintentionally humorous mistakes. The venerable instances from the classics it is not necessary to repeat. More recent ones are certified to by English school authorities. Thus we have the unexpected trade turn given to "exempli gratia," which was translated "samples free." Another excellent Latin "howler" is the rendering of "Libertas sub rege pio" as "Our pious king has got liberty under." A third seems, though vouched for, quite too good to be true—namely, translating "splendide mendax" as "lying in state." Considering what were until lately the relations between England and Germany, it is hardly surprising to find an English schoolboy translating "le viell Allemand," "the vile German."

Merely phonetic blunders make up a large class. The pupil has heard the word indistinctly, or confused it with some other of similar sound. For this the reproach must often belong to the teacher, on the score of indistinct articulation. It was due either to this, or to defective hearing on the part of the pupil, that the latter said that the only pouched animal in America was the "apostle." In a similar way, no doubt, originated the information that Hannibal was a well-known composer of music. And church as well as school is responsible for mixing up sounds in the child's head. It was in good faith that the little girl recited: "Lord, who hatest nothing but the housemaid" ["nothing that thou hast made"].

It is evident that there ought to be discrimination, by teachers and investigators, between "howlers" that are purely foolish, and those that have their natural explanation. "Why," a boy was asked, "is Patti called the Welsh nightingale?" His answer was: "Because she sings at night." In this there was a glimmer of sense that ought to be encouraged, even if it must be laughed at.

Foreign Correspondence

THE IMPROVEMENT IN ANGLO-GERMAN RELATIONS — RESULTS OF THE BALKAN WARS—THE ATTITUDE OF RUSSIA.

BERLIN, May 1.

Berlin looked on unmoved at the cordiality of King George's recent reception in Paris. Germany has got used to the *entente cordiale* and England to the German fleet. In Germany, the idea that John Bull will begin war without notice out of pure envy of Germany's swelling trade returns is dying of want of nutrition. The British shipyards are still active, because of the generous foreign patronage they enjoy. But the German yards, which depend for battleship orders on their own Government, are beginning a period of lean years. They now build two capital ships a year instead of four, and even when the Navy bill is completed they will only receive orders for two battleships and one cruiser a year.

The main factor in bringing about these improved conditions was undoubtedly the Balkan War. The Anglo-German rivalry presented mankind with the august spectacle of two perfect egotisms in conflict. Germany said, "I want." England replied, "Thou shalt not have." Neither harmed the other in any way. England simply could not see how Germany could "have," without possessing the means to "take," which did not fit in with her arrangements. Young Germany was fully convinced that the world had been Anglo-Saxonized long enough, and that it was time to give modern methods a trial, which could not be if the globe was still to be regarded as a prolongation of the London suburbs.

The Balkan War disturbed the magnificent simplicity of this antagonism. As long as England thought there was to be a war with Germany for the mastery of the seas, and Germany thought of the coming struggle as the gateway to the colonial empire of which so many Germans dream, there was no limit to the animosity that both countries could develop. When, however, it turned out that the war was to settle whether the Montenegrins or the Albanians were to have Skutari, the prospect was less appealing. It has become clear to both peoples that neither will attack the other. If they fight, the Anglo-German conflict will be a part of a general European war, which can only arise out of a Balkan quarrel between Russia and Austria; and that will not directly touch any German or British interest, and cannot in any case bring real advantage to either country.

If victory remained with the Triple Entente, the main result would be a huge extension of Russian influence in Europe and Asia, which is not exactly what the English pray for. If the Triple Alliance won, Germany would have the burden of the fighting, her industry would suffer out of all proportion to the losses of economically less highly developed allies, and the profit of victory would go mainly to Austria-Hungary. The dual monarchy would get a new

lease of life. But Germany does not want to take anything from Russia, and her share would be the implacable hate of the Russian people, which is too young and too numerous to suffer permanently from an unsuccessful war.

So that England and Germany are on the side of peace, and throughout the Balkan troubles, which are by no means over yet, both have exercised a moderating and restraining influence on their friends, Germany on Austria, England on Russia. The obvious unwillingness of England to convert the *entente* into a hard-and-fast alliance is another factor in the reconciliation between the two Powers. It seems to be forgotten in France that an English offensive and defensive alliance is not of much use unless England binds herself to keep her main weapon, the navy, constantly within striking distance of the enemy, that is, within European waters. Practically speaking, of course, that state of affairs already exists; but a definite pledge to keep the fleet in the North Sea would alter the situation to the disadvantage

England. It would be known to other Powers, and might very conceivably affect the attitude of Japan when the Anglo-Japanese alliance comes to be renewed. At any rate, it is a consideration which makes for peace between England and Germany. On such foundations are international friendships based.

Time and incalculable circumstance have worked for England, as it is the habit of the eternal forces to favor insular and maritime powers. The island sea Powers have as a rule only one enemy at a time, whereas that enemy has to compound with a jealous land-neighbor, who has a coterminous frontier with him. This principle has worked strikingly to the advantage of England during the last five years. When the Anglo-German naval rivalry became acute, Germany was on something like friendly terms with Russia. She had gone out of her way to help Russia during the war with Japan. In consequence of German assurances, Russia was able to denude her western frontier of troops. Russia was, of course, the ally of France, but this was understood to be a measure of precaution on her part, a defensive and not an offensive arrangement into which she had entered a dozen years after the Triple Alliance had menaced her with at least a two-Power enemy in case she quarrelled with Austria.

Further, Russia was weakened by defeat in foreign war, racked by rebellion at home, and in the hands of money lenders. We have changed all that. The revolution is suppressed, a series of good harvests has placed the Government in a condition of financial independence, and the Manchurian bruises have healed. Russia is still without a navy, but a start has been made with a new one, and in ten years she will have a formidable fleet in the Baltic. Whether it will be more efficient than the fleet which rests on the floor of the Straits of Korea or serves the yellow enemy under new names, remains to be seen. But there is the probability that Russia, too, has learned, and in case of war with the Triple Alliance a powerful Russian squad-

ron in the Baltic would be a serious menace for Germany. Now it is certain that in a few years the Russian squadron will be there, and it is equally certain that if Germany tries conclusions with England between the Kentish coast and the Frisian Islands, Russia will be taking a hand on the side of England.

There is no pretence of friendship between Russia and Germany now. The Balkan war has removed the last traces of good feeling on the Russian side. The Russians realized with unspeakable bitterness last year that it was the German army, with which they have no direct quarrel, that crippled their Balkan policy. With Austria they would soon have settled scores, but for Germany they were not ready. They are not ready yet, but they are making feverish efforts to bring their army to the point where it will be ready to challenge the Austro-German combination, and they have the advantage of inexhaustible numbers.

THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN JAPAN —COUNT OKUMA AND THE NEW MINISTRY.

TOKIO, April 20.

Japan has recently passed through an ordeal. The naval scandal, culminating in the collapse of the Cabinet, and followed by the sudden death of the Empress Dowager, plunging the whole empire again into mourning, has proved a period of stress to the public mind and a severe test of the national temper. All tendency to rancor and political turmoil has been hushed in the presence of death, and with the inauguration of a Ministry the personnel of which is more popular and hopeful than that of any Cabinet the country has had for many years, Japan looks forward to a season of quietness and prosperity.

The remarkable thing about the fall of the Yamamoto Government is that the charges of corruption in the navy, which were indirectly the cause of the Cabinet's undoing, have yet to be proved in due course of judicial procedure. The late Government was thus virtually condemned and cast out without a hearing. The preliminary examination of the accused officers took a long time, during which the public mind was inflamed through the press by all sorts of rumors tending to prejudice the case, and the people became so exasperated that the Government could no longer withstand them.

The immediate cause of the Cabinet's resignation was the action of the House of Peers in refusing to sanction the naval budget. A subsequent conference of both Houses led to a deadlock, and the Cabinet was forced out.

The choice of Count Okuma, the "Sage of Waseda," for Premier is the most pleasant surprise that Japan has experienced for many years. For more than a quarter of a century he has been the leading champion of popular rights—reform of all kinds, extension of education, modern methods—as well as a leader in the peace movement. Consistently waging warfare against the bureaucracy, he was ostracized by them, and for years has held no public office. Raised to the

Premiership once before, in 1898, he overcame the opponents of liberalism. He lost one of his legs by a bomb, but he has never wavered from his course; and now that he finds himself once again in power, the nation is anticipating great things. No sooner was his name announced as the head of the new Cabinet than prices on the Stock Exchange took a leap upwards.

More striking still is the fact that the vernacular press is almost unanimous in its approval. This universal acclaim is doubtless due to the fact that the masses are expecting Count Okuma to carry out all the reforms that he has been advocating for the last fifteen years. But the new Premier will go much more cautiously than the radical element expects; for Count Okuma is no radical. He is a Japanese of the Japanese, and believes that if Japan has much to learn from the West, she also has much to teach the West. He is unlikely to ignore any influential section of public opinion, whether it be bureaucratic, aristocratic, or democratic, though he will insist on the freedom which all progressive peoples demand.

The policy of the new Japanese Cabinet may to some extent be inferred from the personnel Count Okuma has selected. It is a coalition Cabinet, representing the minority parties in the Imperial Diet. The minor parties, thus for the first time united, are likely to prove the discomfiture of the Seiyukai party, which kept the last Government in power. The next most important member to the Premier is Baron Kato, Minister of Foreign Affairs. As Ambassador to Great Britain he was well known to the English-speaking world. His long and successful career as a diplomat revealed him to be a man of uncommon ability and tact, and much is expected of him in connection with negotiations now in process with the United States, and Japan's Far Eastern policy generally. From an Occidental point of view, one of the most interesting men in the new Cabinet is the Hon. Yukio Ozaki, Minister of Justice. For many years Mayor of Tokio, he made a name for himself as an able administrator, winning favorable opinions both at home and abroad.

Most of the other members of the Cabinet are men of eminence. Baron Oura and Mr. Wakatsuki have held Cabinet positions before, the latter in the last Katsura Cabinet as Minister of Finance, and the former in the last Saionji Cabinet as Minister of Agriculture and Commerce.

The new Cabinet represents all that was admirable in the last Katsura Cabinet, with the still greater strength of the Liberal wing of Japanese politics. It is in fact an admirable combination for a nation needing many reforms that should be carried out slowly but surely, so as to avoid what is too radical and revolutionary. Japan is passing through a period of popular awakening, in which too much haste might arouse a propensity to lawlessness and illegitimate means of gaining ends. All the members of the new Cabinet are men of mature experience, with clean public records.

"DAMPO."

A Naughty Decade

OSCAR WILDE AND OTHER DECADENTS OF THE NINETIES—PRETEXT OF THE MOVEMENT—ITS REAL SOURCE.

PART ONE.

Mr. Jackson has written a book* that is at once excellent in understanding and perverted in its conclusions; nor, if one considers his theme, is this paradox as singular as it might appear, for it is a common mark of the condition which he expounds as apologist. His subject, with some excursions into alien matters, is the irruption of a sort of decadence into English art and literature in the closing years of the nineteenth century; and his quotations are so apt and abundant, his characterizations so clear and well-instructed, that one scarcely needs to go outside of his pages to form an independent judgment of the school, while the confusion of his own ideas when he tries to interpret the facts is an added document in evidence.

I.

The movement, whose influence to-day is concealed because it has put on a new disguise, may be said to have opened with the publication of Oscar Wilde's "Decay of Lying" and "Picture of Dorian Gray" in 1890, and to have closed with his pitiful death in 1900. By the little band who were working so feverishly in the midst of the surrounding British philistinism it was thought to be the dawn of a new era for art—"a great creative period is at hand," wrote William Sharp. While at the same time it was felt to be the end of all things, and the phrase *fin de siècle* was whispered as a kind of magic formula. "It's *fang-de-seeaycle* that does it," says one of John Davidson's burlesque characters, "and education, and reading French." As one goes back to the productions of these men now, and particularly as one turns over the effusions in the early volumes of the *Yellow Book*, one is likely to be impressed mainly by a note of amateurishness running through their work. In comparison with the decadents of the Continent whom they attempted to imitate, they appear rather like truant boys who need to be spanked and sent again to their lessons. In the first issue of the *Yellow Book*, the "incomparable" Max Beerbohm prints "A Defence of Cosmetics," wherein he observes sententiously that "the Victorian era comes to its end and the day of sancta simplicitas is quite ended." The essay seems to us to-day, with the reek of Broadway in our nostrils, as childlike a piece of extravagance as could well be imagined; yet it

succeeded in rousing a little storm of protest, and one solemn critic wrote it down as "the rankest and most nauseous thing in all literature." Another contributor, Lionel Johnson, asks, in surprise at his own naughtiness: "What would the moral philosophers, those puzzled sages, think of me? An harmless hedonist? An amateur in morals, who means well, though meaning very little?" And one is inclined to answer: "My dear sir, be comforted; the puzzled sages would not have thought of you at all."

Yet however we may, and do, pass by these books as largely factitious imitations, there is an aspect of the revolt that is serious enough in all conscience. The disease from which it sprung was no jest, and beneath the antic contortions of their wit these men were suffering the very real pangs of physical disorganization. It is in fact like a nightmare to read their lives. The hectic decay of Aubrey Beardsley is almost health in comparison with the state of most of those who gave to the movement its tone. Of the living we speak not: but there is Lionel Johnson, the best artist of them all, a victim of absinthe, found in the gutter with his skull crushed; there is John Davidson, with his vision of a new universe ended in mad suicide; there are Ernest Dowson and Francis Thompson, mingling their religion with the fumes of alcohol and opium; there are others whose tainted lives and early deaths need not be examined; and, above all, is the hideous tragedy in Reading Jail. These men, who appeared to be treading so fantastically in "the variant by-paths of the uncertain heart," knew also in the flesh the certain terrors of organic decay.

No, we shall do these men less than justice if we merely smile at their moping and mowing as at the gestures borrowed of a jackanapes. They are worthy of condemnation. They had a real driving motive in the flesh, and they had their ideal philosophy. Through all their works, now in the form of direct argument, now implied in the symbol of verse or picture, you will find running the ambitious design of making life itself into a fine art, of welding life and art into one indistinguishable creation. As Oscar Wilde says of his hero in the book which is the completest manifesto of the school, "There were many, especially among the very young men, who saw, or fancied that they saw, in Dorian Gray the true realization of a type of which they had often dreamed in Eton or Oxford days—a type that was to combine something of the real culture of the scholar with all the grace and distinction and perfect manner of a citizen of the world. To them he seemed to be of the company whom Dante describes as having sought to 'make

themselves perfect by the worship of beauty.'" And with this coalescence of art and life, as its very source and purpose, was to be joined the garnering of sensations, in a manner which these young enthusiasts caught up from Rossetti and Walter Pater and the other virtuosos of the vibrating nerve. Thus, to the confusion of the Philistine, the Puritan, and the votary of common-sense, they were to create for the world a new Hedonism: "It was to have its service of the intellect, certainly; yet it was never to accept any theory or system that would involve the sacrifice of any mode of passionate experience. Its aim, indeed, was to be experience itself, and not the fruits of experience, sweet or bitter as they might be."

II.

In this longing after the fulness of experience, without consideration of the lessons of experience, we come close to the heart of the movement, and we also see how it was no vagary of a few isolated youths, but was the product of the most characteristic evolution of the age. "It was," as our present guide rightly observes, "the mortal ripening of that flower which blossomed upon the ruins of the French Revolution, heralding not only the rights of man, which was an abstraction savoring more of the classical ideal, but the rights of personality, of unique, varied, and varying men." Personality was to assert itself in the direction of unlimited and unquestioned expansiveness, in the claim of the individual to be purely and intensely himself, in the free pursuit of those emotions and sensations which are the root of division among mankind, while denying those rights of man, in the classical sense, which mean the subordination of the individualizing desires to the commonality of the law of reason. And, as life and art were to proceed hand in hand, personality was to manifest itself in a symbolism which should endeavor, in the words of Arthur Symonds, "to fix the last fine shade, the quintessence of things; to fix it fleetingly; to be a disembodied voice, and yet the voice of a human soul." The final marriage of life and art was to be in the swooning ecstasy of music. There was nothing discordant between the toil of the artist to fix the quintessence of things in fleeting form and the insatiable curiosity of a chaotic egotism. Nietzsche had said it: "Unless you have chaos within, you cannot give birth to a dancing star"—an idea which Mr. Jackson has developed at hazardous length, thus:

Indeed, when wrought into the metal of a soul impelled to adventure at whatever personal hazard, for sheer love of expanding the boundaries of human experience and knowledge and power, they [this egotism and curiosity] become, as it were, the senses by which such a soul tests the flavor and determines the quality of its progress. In that light they

*The *Nineteen Nineties*. By Holbrook Jackson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$3.50 net.

are not decadent, they are at one with all great endeavor since the dawn of human consciousness. What, after all, is human consciousness when compared with Nature but a perversity—the self turning from Nature to contemplate itself? . . . Not even a child has curiosity until it has experienced something; all inquisitiveness is in the nature of life asking for more, and all so-called decadence is civilization rejecting, through certain specialized persons, the accumulated experiences and sensations of the race.

There is no need to illustrate this philosophy by examples. Any one who has read Oscar Wilde's "Picture of Dorian Gray" may waive the pleasure or pain of going through the other productions of the school. Most of these writers, in fact, had a perfectly clear knowledge of what they desired to be and to accomplish. And not seldom they knew the fruits of their philosophy and experience, as any one may discover by turning over the pages of Mr. Jackson's book. The root of the whole matter lay in a febrile satiety of the flesh, in a certain physical lesion, which the sufferers, having no philosophy of moral resistance to oppose to it, translated into a moral fatigue. "It was as though they had grown tired of being good, in the old accepted way; they wanted to experience the piquancy of being good after a debauch." In this mood the literature of exquisite curiosity, whether veiled under the English cant of Epicurean austerity or announced more boldly from across the Channel, fell upon the dryness of their souls like a spark of fire upon parched grass. The consequence is set forth in Dorian Gray's discovery of "A Rebours":

It was the strangest book that he had ever read. It seemed to him that in exquisite raiment, and to the delicate sound of flutes, the sins of the world were passing in dumb show before him. . . . There were in it metaphors as monstrous as orchids, and as subtle in color. The life of the senses was described in the terms of mystical philosophy. One hardly knew at times whether one was reading the spiritual ecstasies of some mediæval saint or the morbid confessions of a modern sinner. It was a poisonous book. The heavy odor of incense seemed to cling about its pages and to trouble the brain. The mere cadence of the sentences, the subtle monotony of their music, so full as it was of complex refrains and movements elaborately repeated, produced in the mind of the lad, as he passed from chapter to chapter, a form of reverie, a malady of dreaming.

There could not be a better description of the way in which art revealed itself to all the men of the group as a kind of narcotic for the torture of tired nerves, evoking under brush or pen the images of artificial dreaming, whether they displayed "the wan and saintly amorousness" of Burne-Jones's figures

for "The Romaunt of the Rose," or waxed "fat with luxury" in the illustrations of Aubrey Beardsley, or flaunted the ghastly cosmetic rictus of Arthur Symonds's creatures of the stage. Almost always behind the veil, and too often stalking wantonly into view, is the horror of an impotent sex-inquisitiveness and perversion. The subject is not agreeable to touch on, but any one who thinks such a statement too strong may satisfy himself by the frank confessions of their apologist. Beardsley, for instance, "loved the abnormal, and he invented a sort of phallic symbolism to express his interest in passionate perversities. His prose work, 'Under the Hill,' is an uncompleted study in the art of aberration." The spectacular disaster of Reading Jail has so impressed our imagination that we are apt to regard its victim as a monster among his fellows, whereas in his heart of hearts he was probably less perverted than were many of those who went through life unscathed by public opinion. But if the author of "Dorian Gray" carried the outer brand, the wages of an evil mind fell upon them all. It is said of Aubrey Beardsley that he "introduced into art the desolation of experience, the ennui of sin." That is to take him, perhaps, a trifle too gravely, but there is something in the conduct of his later years that may at least remind us of Poe's decrepit "Man of the Crowd." "His restlessness," observes his friend, Max Beer-bohm, "was, I suppose, one of the symptoms of his malady. He was always most content where there was the greatest noise and bustle, the largest number of people, and the most brilliant light." And that, adds Mr. Jackson, "is a picture of the age, as well as of its epitome, Aubrey Beardsley." The right of personality to reject "the accumulated experience" of the race, and to expand indefinitely in the search of sensations, turns out in reality to be in no wise "at one with all great endeavor," but to be in the main the unfruitful restlessness of satiety and impotence.

III.

I would not have it inferred that the votaries of the Yellow Nineties produced nothing of pure beauty and intrinsic value. One of them, indeed, Ernest Dowson, who died just as the decade came to an end, left a modest body of verse, which possesses a singular fascination, and which, though Mr. Jackson quotes, I believe, not a line of it, may still be prized when its more assertive contemporaries are all but forgotten. The little collection opens with a variation on the old Horatian theme, *Vita summa brevis*:

They are not long, the weeping and the laughter,
Love and desire and hate:
I think they have no portion in us after
We pass the gate.

They are not long, the days of wine and roses:

Out of a misty dream
Our path emerges for a while, then closes
Within a dream.

That is all: two light stanzas, with no mark of originality, unless it be in the sighing melody of the words. Yet you will not read them without saying to yourself: This is poetry, the ancient, wonderful heritage, though held in feeble hands. And in the whole collection, amid a good deal that flutters ineffectually, you will find some ten or twelve other poems that carry the same note of indefinable charm. Such a product is not to be reckoned with the great and grave things of literature. If you wish to feel this distinction, read the last of the lisping lines at the head of which Dowson has written the majestic Latin phrases: *O mors! quam amara est memoria tua homini pacem habenti in substantiis suis*; and then, having read these, turn to No. 120 of the *Adventurer*, in which Dr. Johnson has unrolled his solemn meditations on the same text:

Affliction is inseparable from our present state; it adheres to all the inhabitants of this world, in different proportions indeed, but with an allotment which seems very little regulated by our own conduct. It has been the boast of some swelling moralists, that every man's fortune was in his own power, that prudence supplied the place of all other divinities, and that happiness is the unfailing consequence of virtue. But, surely, the quiver of omnipotence is stored with arrows, against which the shield of human virtue, however adamantine it has been boasted, is held up in vain: we do not always suffer by our crimes; we are not always protected by our innocence. . . .

Nothing confers so much ability to resist the temptations that perpetually surround us, as an habitual consideration of the shortness of life, and the uncertainty of those pleasures that solicit our pursuit; and this consideration can be inculcated only by affliction. "O death! how bitter is the remembrance of thee, to a man that lives at ease in his possessions!"

Dowson's is the poetry of weakness, but of weakness that veils itself in subtle reticences and in the praise of silence—his favorite word—and, above all, that wears the loveliness of purity. Strange as it may sound, in connection with his life and his associations, there is something of almost virginal innocence in his muse. To read in his book after hearing others of the decadent band, is as if a silence had suddenly fallen upon a place of unclean revelry, and out of the silence there rose the thin sweet voice of a child singing of pathetic things it scarcely understood. I may be peculiar in my taste, but in my ears he bears comparison well even with the religious poet whose reputation has been growing so portentously these

latter days. His "Amor Umbratilis," simple and unsuggestive as it is, arrests me with a touch that I somehow miss in the more complicated stanzas of Francis Thompson on the same theme of love's renunciation; and in all the gorgeous, stirring pomp of Thompson's odes there is still lacking—to me at least, though his best admirers will judge otherwise—some sweet submissiveness which I find, or almost find, in such a poem as Dowson's "Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration":

Calm, sad, secure; behind high convent walls,
These watch the sacred lamp, these watch and pray:

And it is one with them when evening falls,
And one with them the cold return of day.

They saw the glory of the world displayed;
They saw the bitter of it, and the sweet;

They knew the roses of the world should fade,
And he trod under by the hurrying feet.

Therefore they rather put away desire,
And crossed their hands and came to sanctuary;

And veiled their heads and put on coarse attire:
Because their comeliness was vanity.

And there they rest; they have serene insight
Of the illuminating dawn to be:

Mary's sweet Star dispels for them the night,
The proper darkness of humanity.

Calm, sad, serene; with faces worn and mild:
Surely their choice of vigil is the best?

Yea! for our roses fade, the world is wild;
But there, beside the altar, there, is rest.

The strange thing, as I have said, yet not so strange perhaps, when we reflect on it, is that this sweetness and purity should be found in one who was so thoroughly corrupt in body and habit. There was the weariness of the devastation in his soul, as expressed in the refrain of the poem by which he is best known:

Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine
There fell thy shadow, Cynara! thy breath was shed

Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine;
And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,

Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

But it was not the hardening desolation of the inner lie, and decadence kept him, as it were, in a state of fragile immaturity. His face, as we see it in the

photograph or in the sketch by Mr. Rothenstein, with its unclean lips and furtive eyes, has the look with which we are too familiar in the degenerate types of our city streets, and from which we turn away with physical revulsion; but it half conceals also something of the expression of Keats—a Keats ruined. He was, as Mr. Arthur Symonds says of him so finely in the memoir published with the Poems, "a soul 'unspotted from the world,' in a body which one sees visibly soiling under one's eyes; . . . there never was a simpler or more attaching charm, because there never was a sweeter or more honest nature." He suffered the penalties of perversion without its illusion.

P. E. M.

News for Bibliophiles

DRYDEN IN THE DUNCIAD.

"What induced Pope to point the finger of scorn at Dryden?" The answer is, he did not. The story is worth telling.

Seven editions of the "Dunciad" were printed in the year 1728. In the first three, line 94 of Book I stood:

And furious D—n foam in Wh—'s rage.

In the next two London editions the line was altered to:

And furious D—s foam in W—'s rage.

And in the last London edition the "W—'s" was changed to "W—y's."

But in the edition printed by Faulkner in Dublin the line read:

And furious Dryden foam in Wharton's rage.

These seven editions contained few and short notes. The bulky critical apparatus we now associate with the poem was not published until the following spring. For the quarto, the first of the several editions of 1729, the line (there numbered 104) was entirely rewritten:

And all the Mighty Mad in Dennis rage.

And of the two lengthy notes appended to it the second began with this sentence:

This Verse in the surreptitious editions stood thus, *And furious D— foam, etc.*, which, in that printed in Ireland, was unaccountably filled up with the great name of *Dryden*.

In the editions of 1735 and subsequent years this sentence was omitted.

Unluckily for Pope, the scholars of half a century ago resurrected evidence to show that his morality was by no means so impeccable as he would have the public believe it. But the sway-backed virtue of the mid-Victorians was righteous overmuch. It established a tradition of holding up holy hands where no horror was—a tradition lusty still. In what Pope said and in what he did not say, it found alike evidence of devious dealing. Thus, as for the sentence quoted above, it was felt that there was something suspicious about putting it in, and about leaving it out, too.

The line has given rise to a great deal of speculation. "C" (whom I take to be Carruthers, the editor of Pope) once offered a guess. "I cannot for a moment

believe that *Dryden* was meant [i. e., by Pope]; but, as Faulkner was Swift's printer, and Swift hated Dryden, may the Dean not have suggested this mode of filling up the blank?" The best of all the anecdotes connected with it, though, is the one in which Macaulay and W. J. Thoms were the leading *dramatis personæ*. It has been well told by the late Edward Solly. He and Thoms were discussing this very line once on a time.

This led Mr. Thoms to say: "Aye, but how about the first name 'furious D—n'?" What induced Pope thus to point the finger of scorn at Dryden?—and he then proceeded to tell in detail, what I had heard him more than once allude to before others, that once in the Library of the House of Lords, he had suggested this very question to Lord Macaulay, in the presence of several peers, whereon Macaulay, turning sharply round, said, "Oh, dear no; you are mistaken; there is no possible reference to Dryden in the *Dunciad*"; and then for nearly ten minutes poured out a rapid and eloquent vindication of Pope, finally taking down a copy of a later edition, and proving to all around that Mr. Thoms was in error, for there was neither Dryden nor yet "D—n." Mr. Thoms bowed and was silent, though he had all the time in his pocket a copy of one of the first editions of the *Dunciad* of 1728 with the name "Dryden."

Now, any one familiar with contemporary copies of this and similar productions in which names were suggested by first (or first and last) letters will recall that the omitted letters are frequently supplied in manuscript, sometimes in the margin, sometimes above the runners that follow or separate the letters. This Dublin edition was set up from a copy of the first or second edition sent over from London, in accordance with the common practice of the day. The sender (I do not think it was Pope himself, though such is possible, but some one who, like Edmund Curll, was familiar with Pope's intentions, but not in his intimacy) had completed the names by writing out the missing letters, as may be demonstrated almost to the point of proof. His handwriting must have been crabbed. Most of the names were printed correctly. But in Book II, line 319, we find *Metbiois* instead of Milbourn (sometimes spelled Milburn), which, as we know from the later editions and the *Keys*, was the name intended. In Book III, line 271, occurs the impossible *Ecyden* where was intended Eusden, a name correctly reproduced in other lines of this same Dublin edition. The combination of a *u* with a long *s* might easily be translated into a *cy*. The Irish compositor, we may surmise, was not familiar with the names of contemporary London men of letters; and when he found in Book I, line 94, the *D—n* and the scribbled letters *unto*, he misread them as something other than Dunton. If the first down stroke of the written *n* was rather long, and *n* placed close to the *t*, and the cross struck through the *t* so as to start from the second peak of the *n*, he would easily have read *ryde*, for an *e* in contemporary script was much more like an *o* than is ours.

Macaulay was right in the main after all. And another one of the charges against Pope proves groundless.

R. H. GRIFFITH.

The University of Texas.

Books and Men

PENGUINS.

The penguin is by no means a new discovery. At least twenty-five years ago a group of penguins stood, in an austere group, at the head of the chapter on Antarctic Regions in my geography. Possibly they were known to man even before that time. But the recent explorations of the South Polar country, the expeditions of Shackleton and Scott, have brought this curious bird into greater publicity. Not only his peculiar habits are better known, but the latent humor of his appearance is more generally appreciated. For although the penguin is in some sense a beautiful bird, he is also an absurd one, a *jeu d'esprit* of nature.

He is beginning to figure in art and literature. The artist-hero of "Buried Alive," it may be remembered, made a sensation by a picture of some penguins, while Mr. E. V. Lucas has introduced into one of his essays a pathetic story about them. Persons who overcame their objections to moving pictures sufficiently to see the records of the Scott expedition—as well as those who had no objections to overcome—will remember the intensely interesting and comic views of penguins in their domestic relations. The tragedy which overhung the Scott pictures was lightened by the representation of penguin parties, and of penguins in peace and war. The reel which showed the men of the expedition chasing the birds on the ice on Christmas morning was amusing, because there was nothing cruel about it. The penguins seemed to have as good fun as did the men—and they kept their feet much better.

A delightful little book, which I have read this week, called "Antarctic Penguins" (McBride, Nast & Co.), has for its sub-title "A Study of Their Social Habits." The author is Dr. G. Murray Levick, of the Royal Navy. Dr. Levick was the zoölogist to the Scott expedition. His book is, in a way, a tribute to the funny and friendly creatures who did so much to cheer him and his companions during their two long years in the far South.

"When seen for the first time," Dr. Levick writes, "the Adélie penguin gives you the impression of a very smart little man in an evening dress suit, so absolutely immaculate is he, with his shimmering white front and black back and shoulders. He stands about two feet five inches in height, walking upright on his little legs."

The droll appearance of the penguins has impressed the explorers of all nations. The men of the Belgian and French parties noted it, before Shackle-

ton's first trip, and penguins had a vogue in Paris. Their ceremonious attitudes caught the fancy of one of *Punch's* artists, who likened them to floor-walkers of Chesterfieldian deportment—bowing, with one flipper extended across the breast.

Dr. Levick observed the penguins arriving, at the beginning of the Antarctic summer, at what he calls the "rookery." That is hardly an appropriate word, though it is not so awkward as *penguinery*. They came not in battalions, but as single spies. There were two on the first day, but twenty on the next. "On arrival," he writes, "they wandered about by themselves, or stood or walked about the beach, giving one the impression of simply hanging about, waiting for something to 'turn up.'"

One certainly needs the pictures, with which the book is fully supplied, to understand the scene. Of all the animal photography during the past dozen or fifteen years—and there has been no small amount—hardly anything has approached in interest these views of the Antarctic penguins. They lent themselves to the work of the camera as few live animals have done. The photographers mastered the difficulties of the snow-covered ground, and the black coats and coat-sleeves (for that is what they look like) of the penguins stand out vividly against the glare.

The arrival of the main body of the penguins took place on October 21, about six days after the first ones had been seen. They came in thousands, all on foot, and from the north. They poured on to the beach in a continuous stream—"the snaky line of arrivals extending unbroken across the sea-ice as far as the eye could see." The photographs of the procession make it look very much like a straggling throng of people walking to some picnic ground—a host of little clergymen in black "cutaway" coats. All they need is small baskets in their flippers to make the illusion complete.

But the penguins travel without baggage. Out of the mysterious and awful polar distances they come, led on by the migratory instinct. These spring pilgrimages—for October is spring down there—are often hundreds of miles in length, and the penguins walk a good part of the way. Or rather, Dr. Levick writes, they have two modes of progression:

The first is simple walking. Their legs being very short, their stride amounts at most to four inches. Their rate of stepping averages about one hundred and twenty steps per minute when on the march. Their second mode of progression is "tobogganing." When wearied by walking, or when the surface is particularly suitable, they fall forward on their white breasts, smooth and shimmering with a beautiful metallic lustre in the sunlight, and push themselves

along by alternate powerful little strokes of their legs behind them. . . . When quietly on the march, both walking and tobogganing produce the same rate of speed, so that the string of arriving birds, tailing out in a long line as far as the horizon, appears as a well-ordered procession. I walked out a mile or so along this line, standing for some time watching it file past me, and taking the photograph with which I have illustrated the scene. Most of the little creatures seemed much out of breath, their wheezy respiration being distinctly heard.

After the arrival, and a little moving about and examination of the rookery, begin courtship, marriage, and the setting up of housekeeping. As a matter of fact, however, the order is somewhat reversed, for the hen-penguins begin to construct uncomfortable-looking nests of pebbles before they have contracted any alliances whatever. The nest is built upon the ground, and after the hen has settled in it a cock penguin comes along and offers himself as husband. Frequently more than one such offer is made, and then there is a resort to arms—or, rather, to beaks. The cocks fight long and savagely, though never to the death. The defeated bird is usually in the condition of the hero of Henley's poem: his head is bloody but not bowed. One of Dr. Levick's photographs of such a fight seems to show the coy lady penguin with her head buried in the breast feathers of a friend of her own sex—ostensibly horrified, but secretly pleased at the awful bloodshed she is causing.

The victorious suitor then waddles off and procures a pebble as his contribution towards the household arrangements. If the bride accepts the gift, the affair is evidently legalized, though the husband has first to undergo a terrific pecking from his wife, inflicted in order to put him in his place at the outset.

The tameness and extreme curiosity of the penguins enabled Dr. Levick to observe them very closely. The photographs show them at the nearest possible range. All the details of their life are exhibited—the nest-building, fighting, social gatherings and gossipings, and the various amusements. Swimming and diving are among the latter, and one of the most appealing of all the pictures is that which shows a group of penguins peering over the edge of an ice-cake to watch one of their number whom they have just pushed overboard.

The sea leopards by water, and the skua gulls by land, are their chief enemies. Those who saw the moving pictures of the Scott expedition will remember the piratical skua gull who pounced upon the penguin's egg and sailed away with it, a sardonic grin upon his face as he watched the pitiful flapping of the mother penguin.

Dr. Levick devotes nearly all of his book to the Adélie penguin, though there is a short chapter, with two excellent photographs, about the Emperor penguin. The Emperor is the largest of the species, as he weighs between eighty and ninety pounds. Only one rookery is known, and that, at Cape Crozier, was visited by a party from Capt. Scott's first expedition. Temperatures of 78 below zero Fahrenheit were encountered, and in such cold as this, and in "the dark days of July," the Emperor penguins lay their eggs upon the ice and hatch their young.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

Correspondence

"THE CONSTITUTIONAL POWER OF THE COURTS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of April 23 appeared under the above caption a communication in reply to a short note of an earlier date by the present writer.

My critic repeats my quotations from the Federal Constitution, and states that I offered them "as proof" of the contention that the Constitution confers upon the Supreme Court the power to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional. I beg leave to say that I did not cite these quotations as proof at all, but merely as the basis of the argument. I admitted the possibility of two interpretations, but proceeded to mention a train of historical facts that favor the usual interpretation by our courts.

My critic replied by citing the same passages from the Constitution, and then, to controvert the various historical facts mentioned in my article, he stated one alleged fact which is in reality directly contrary to the truth of history. In his last paragraph he states as his ultimate argument "that nowhere at the time the Constitution was framed was there a judiciary endowed with such power." If my critic had examined a standard general history of the United States, to say nothing of many special treatises by eminent authorities, he would not have made that statement.

For example, I quote from Prof. A. C. McLaughlin's "The Confederation and the Constitution" ("The American Nation," Vol. X, pp. 250-251): "When the Federal Convention assembled, the nature of a written constitution, emanating from an authority outside the Government, had already been made manifest by several judicial decisions. In New Jersey, as early as 1780, the court refused, in the case of *Holmes vs. Walton*, to regard as valid an unconstitutional act of the Legislature. Two years later a similar doctrine was laid down in Virginia, and in 1786, as we have already seen, the Rhode Island court announced the same principle." The author, continuing, cites a similar case in North Carolina.

Any one wishing to examine further the historical facts bearing upon this question

may follow with profit the books and articles cited by Professor McLaughlin in his foot-notes and bibliography. Of especial importance is the recent work by Charles Grove Haines, entitled, "The American Doctrine of Judicial Supremacy," which was reviewed in the *Nation* of April 30. See also the opening essay in McLaughlin's recent work, "The Courts, the Constitution, and Parties."

RAYNER W. KELSEY.

Haverford, Pa., May 2.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If the two passages from the Federal Constitution mentioned in the letter in your issue of April 23, signed "E. M. H.," were the only ones upon which to base the authority of the Federal courts to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional, and hence void, there might be some foundation for the contention that these courts had arrogated such power. But these passages must be read in connection with that part of the Constitution which defines the power of Congress wherein is stated upon what subjects it may legislate, and upon what it may not. Therefore, in a case in law or in equity, where a question is raised as to whether some enactment of Congress is within or without the scope of its defined powers, and hence as to whether it is or is not binding, there can be no doubt that such a case is one "arising under this Constitution," and hence included within the grant to the judicial power.

How else could the power of Congress be tested? It would be destructive of that coöperation between the Executive and Congress which is essential to the working of our system of government if the Executive were to assume the power of denying the validity of an enactment of Congress. Discussion of this point is useless. Should Congress be the judge of its own power? If so, the carefully worded grants of and limitation upon its power might as well not have been written.

But, again, the powers not granted to Congress are reserved to the States, or the people thereof. Should the States be the judges of the validity of Congressional enactments? To ask the question is to answer it, for that would mean the destruction of the Federal system, and would lead to a condition worse, if anything, than that under the old Confederation, for the correction of which the Constitution was adopted. The reference by E. M. H. to the experience of European countries acting through Legislatures free from control by the judiciary is not in point. Nowhere is there any limitation placed upon the Legislature—no reservation of powers. In Great Britain, where alone there is true parliamentary government, Parliament is the sole source of legislative power—there is no instrument with grants, limitations, and reservations. There is no Federal system, with its division of power between central and local divisions. No question can arise as to the power of Parliament—the only question that can present itself is whether in any particular case the exercise of that power is acceptable to the nation. The legislative bodies of other European countries are so differently constituted and are subject to such different

checks, that comparisons with them are valueless.

It seems strange that, at this late date, the question of the right of the Federal courts to exercise this power should be raised. It is purely academic, but since it is seriously advanced, it is most desirable for the correct political education of our citizens, especially of those of the generation now coming upon the stage, that the true and necessary position of the Federal courts in our complicated system should be correctly apprehended. Whether the past action of the Supreme Court has been beneficial or not, is a matter of opinion. Whether it has the ultimate power to keep the Federal Government and the State Governments within their respective limits by reference to the grants, limitations, and reservations of the Constitution, ought not to be a matter of opinion.

EDWARD C. PEARSON.

Plainfield, N. J., May 1.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S MEXICAN POLICY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is very easy to talk of "the inconsistency which has marked the policy of the Administration [towards Mexico], the inadequacy of the grounds on which war has been threatened," and of "our aggression in Mexico" (*Nation*, April 30). It is, of course, perfectly futile to predict what the outcome will be, but I venture to think that so far Mr. Wilson's policy has been extraordinarily successful.

First of all, the refusal to recognize Huerta, which has often been criticised as the cause of the present situation, rests on a firm basis. When in 1903 Peter Karageorgevitch ascended the throne of Servia over the dead bodies of King Alexander and Queen Draga, the Powers of Europe refused recognition to the new régime till it was demonstrated, after several years' waiting, that the new King commanded the support of the country. Not only were the circumstances of Huerta's accession to power more suspicious than those surrounding King Peter's, but the Mexican dictator has slowly but surely lost ground. There is nothing to show that our attitude has handicapped him, for he has been able to obtain money; he has had every opportunity to show that he was the requisite "strong man," and has miserably failed to do so. The assumption of President Wilson that Huerta was an eternal guarantee against a permanent peace in Mexico has been borne out by the course of events, that is, by the astonishing success of Villa and his army.

Secondly, Mr. Wilson has declined to take sides in Mexico. When it became clear that the closing of the Texan border was working out to the advantage of Huerta, the embargo on arms was raised. Since then, each faction could secure all the war material it could pay for. But when our occupation of Vera Cruz shut off Huerta's supplies, Villa's were also curtailed by restoring the embargo on the frontier. And it is worth remembering that Carranza has not been recognized, for the very good reason that his government is no more legitimate than Huerta's.

Thirdly, had our Government taken stern measures to protect the lives and property of Americans and Europeans in Mexico, however desirable that protection might be, the result would surely have been a real war with Mexico. Fortunately, the situation was saved by Huerta's tactlessness. Mr. Wilson was careful to state, in his address to Congress, that an official dispatch of the United States Government had been held up, and that the flag incident at Tampico was merely the culmination of a series of insults to our Government. At no time in the last year has the wisdom of our policy been so clearly demonstrated, for the fact that we were dealing with an irregular government enabled us to base our demands, not on international law, but on expediency.

What has been the result? The seizure of Vera Cruz has had a profound effect, as Mr. Wilson intended, upon Mexican opinion of all classes and factions. The truth seems to have dawned upon our unfortunate neighbors that further trifling with the United States could have but one result, the occupation of Mexico by our troops, and, if our history is any guide to the future, the end of Mexican independence. Two weeks ago Mexico seemed on the eve of a complete collapse. To-day, so far as one can judge from the daily press, a permanent settlement is more likely than in many, many months. It is to this end that the South American mediators appear to be devoting their energies rather than to an adjustment of the American quarrel with Huerta, for we still insist that he must retire. For the great improvement in the general situation, Mr. Wilson's diplomacy is entirely responsible.

BERNADOTTE E. SCHMITT.

Western Reserve University, Cleveland, May 2.

[The Nation's criticism on the recent acts of the Administration in Mexico is precisely on the grounds that, as our correspondent suggests, they might lead to "the occupation of Mexico by our troops" and ultimately to "the end of Mexican independence."—ED. THE NATION.]

THE PASSING OF A MASTER MIND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I desire to record a word of tribute to one of the master minds of America. The recent death of Charles S. Peirce removes an heroic figure from the field of American learning. Living for the most part in retirement, he was known to a relatively small circle. Yet where known, his name was spoken with exalted respect; and his fame, critically appraised, placed him with the chosen few of any generation. How far he sought and failed to find the wider recognition that falls to those whose labors are in fields open to public approbation, how far he did not care to pursue the accredited steps to preferment and recognition, I cannot say. Yet this aspect of his career is significant.

My acquaintance with Mr. Peirce began in 1882 when I came as a graduate student to Johns Hopkins University. He

was there lecturing on "The Algebra of Logic"—a subject which he in large measure established in this country. He had interested certain able students—all of them since distinguished in various fields—in his explorations into a broad domain of thought; and of this enterprise a volume of studies by himself and his pupils bears record. In those days there was gathered in Baltimore a group of scholars and productive intellectual workers that would have been exceptional in any scholarly community. Their names would suggest the notable contributions of American scholarship in their generation. Yet among them the impression of Mr. Peirce stands forth most prominently *primus inter pares*. The impression that I retain of his analyses of logical and philosophical problems is that of observing a plummet line descending through troubled waters foot by foot, sounding the depths, avoiding the weeds and the shoals, and reaching an undiscovered bottom; for to the student many of the problems in a controversial sea seemed bottomless. It was not argument, but discovery.

It was Mr. Peirce who introduced me to the possibility of an experimental study of a psychological problem. He provided the problem, the instruments which I set up in my room, the method, and the mode of reaching the results; these were printed over our joint names. He also introduced me to the mode of attack upon larger psychological problems by methods of statistical inquiry. He gathered about him a group of five or six students and proposed a study of "great men." He drew up the questionnaire; we gathered and collated the results. The work was not finished; though I was permitted to publish one or two aspects of the material in brief papers. My personal indebtedness gave me the opportunity to gauge the measure of the man. Only one other produced upon me an equal impression of original greatness. I refer to William James. The two men may well be associated, for each held the other in high regard. Professor James recognized in Charles Peirce the true founder of Pragmatism, a way of thinking which James made popular, the significance of which he expounded. If, in addition, it be remembered that these logical, psychological, and philosophical pursuits were in a sense avocational, and that Mr. Peirce was for a long time actively connected with the Geodetic Survey, was a physicist and mathematician by profession, the scope of his attainments will be more truly perceived. In a sense he represents the American Helmholtz.

I do not know that Mr. Peirce ever held any academic position other than the lectureship for a few years at Johns Hopkins University. That his was the personal temperament that may well be called difficult may be admitted; such is the disposition of genius. It cannot but remain a sad reflection upon the organization of our academic interest that we find it difficult, or make it so, to provide places for exceptional men within the academic fold. Politically as educationally, we prefer the safe men to the brilliant men, and exact a versatile mediocrity of qualities that makes the individual organ-

izable. All this has its proper place and is doubtless more or less inevitable, even sound; but the penalty paid for safety is too heavy, when it excludes the use of rarer gifts, the choice product of exceptional power of sustained thought. Of this lamentable lack of efficiency—to turn the sting of an abused word against itself—Mr. Peirce is not the only example. Other master minds knocked in vain at academic portals, and were refused as too elect. Or, more truly stated, the small group of their liberal-minded friends within the hallowed precincts failed to persuade the authorities to adjust methods to men. Certainly it remains true for all time that no more effective stimulus to promising young minds can be found than to give them the opportunity of contact with master minds in action. The service that a small group of such men can perform is too fine, too imponderable, to be measured; and likewise too intangible to impress its value upon the judgment of those with whom these issues commonly lie. Yet nothing would have shown better the greatness of a great University than to find a place in it for rare men like Charles S. Peirce. His memory invites not only the personal tribute, but is a reminder of our neglect of the true worth of genius.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

The University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis., May 6.

THE LATE EDUARD SUESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On the 26th of April there died at Vienna, in his eighty-third year, one of the greatest of European scientists, the distinguished geologist, Eduard Suess. Strange to say, his death has passed unnoticed in the American press, although few scholars have ever lived who deserved better of their fellow-men. I must leave it to competent hands to point out in the Nation Professor Suess's service to science. Suffice it to say, in this place, that his principal work, the monumental "Das Antlitz der Erde," is regarded as the most authoritative exposition of the principal features of the earth's surface and their correlation, and that it has been translated into four languages. In the preface to the French edition Marcel Bertrand likened the appearance of the work to the action of a sudden ray of light in penetrating chaos, and the London Geological Society, which conferred on him the Wollaston medal, congratulated him on his seventieth birthday as the greatest living geologist.

From 1857 to 1901 Suess was professor of geology in the University of Vienna, and from 1899 to 1911 he was president of the Vienna Academy of Sciences.

But over and above his scientific work, Professor Suess achieved renown as one of the most indefatigable and most unselfish workers in Austrian public life. As a member of the Municipal Council of the city of Vienna, of the Diet of Lower Austria, and of the Reichsrath, he was a champion of liberal measures and a parliamentarian of remarkable power. The city of Vienna is indebted to him for its present water supply, the plans for which he drew, and which

were adopted by the Municipal Council in 1864. He was the most modest of men, and refused all his life decorations and other outward distinctions offered him by his grateful monarch.

Professor Suess was in frequent contact with various American scholars, notably with the late Angelo Heilprin, and on various occasions he evinced great interest in our public affairs. He was of striking personal appearance, tall and distinguished looking, most winning in discourse, and of undiminished mental powers even in extreme old age. Racial and religious bigotry he combated with all the fervor of a noble soul.

GUSTAV POLLAK.

New York, May 11.

TEXTUAL CRITICISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems that on Sunday, April 12, 1914, that pious statesman, Senator Penrose, conducted religious services at Whitehall Baptist Church, Tacony, Pa., and preached a sermon. It was a fine sermon, so fine that, as appears from the *Congressional Record* of April 16, by reproduction it has been made part of the proceedings of the Senate. I would draw attention, however, to the absence of a prefixed text of Scripture, indispensable to sermons, according to all preacher opinion. Perhaps a text, once prefixed after the orthodox fashion, was omitted when the sermon was transformed into a State paper. Be this as it may, the theme of the deliverance was President Wilson's attitude as to the claim of one V. Huerta to be President of Mexico, and the single excerpt here following makes it plain what the text was:

"It is fairly obvious now, even to a partisan supporter, that the man most likely to secure peace in Mexico was the one who was rejected."

Text: "Had Zimri peace who slew his master?" 2 Kings ix, 31.

And Mr. Penrose takes the affirmative of the proposition. WILLIAM GEORGE.

Sausalito, Cal., April 25.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF EL GRECO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The little city of Toledo, Spain, has just commemorated the three hundredth anniversary of the death of the painter known as "El Greco"; three festal days were set apart by the Mayor, including a general holiday for every one.

A more favorable day for a pilgrimage to Toledo could not have been desired. The balmy air blowing up the valley of the Tagus, a matchless sky, and blossoms everywhere made it evident that spring had come at last. Everywhere the farmers were at work irrigating their plots of land, in which process the chief part is played by a blindfolded mule, which, walking an incessant round, moves a water-wheel, a method used in Spain since time immemorial. An occasional herd of fighting bulls could be seen, black against the bright green of the lands bordering the river.

There is no mediæval town in Spain that offers so many picturesque sights as Toledo. Situated on the top of a cliff

surrounded on three sides by the river Tagus, which here assumes the form of a horseshoe, it has, because of its almost impregnable position, played an important part in every epoch of Spanish history. An ancient bridge still forms the chief approach, and the rickety diligences, the ox-carts, the venders of fruits and vegetables, all indicate that the character of the traffic has undergone but little change in the course of time. Near the entrance to the bridge is an old fountain where the muleteers who come from without water their beasts, or where many-shaped earthen jars are filled by the servants, who still carry the water as in mediæval times, to the houses which have neither fountain nor faucet.

The great question which confronts Toledo is the preservation of its innumerable ancient monuments. Many are being cared for, but others are growing unsafe, and the characteristic procrastination of the Spaniard is already responsible for the collapse of several buildings. A few years ago the beautiful patio of the Hospital de Santa Cruz, one of the great structures of the early Spanish Renaissance, fell in, but a national Art Commission immediately set to work to restore the building, and when it is completed it will be opened as a museum. The refectory is still in ruins, but the patio, with its noble plan, its delicate columns, its striking lights and shadows, can be enjoyed again, and constitutes, together with the great chapel, one of the chief glories of Toledo.

El Greco, who was a Cretan by birth, seems to have come to Toledo about 1576 or 1577, producing up to the time of his death a most astonishing number of paintings, of which Toledo is still the great treasure-house. Here he is supposed to have acquired immense wealth, and if the scanty details of his life, as recorded by his biographers, are to be trusted, the immense house in which he dwelt was not only filled with paintings of his own, many half-finished, orders on which he was constantly at work, but the wealth thus made was lavishly spent in festivities and entertainments.

To form a comprehensive idea of El Greco, one must spend many days in Toledo, where churches, monasteries, and noble houses were once filled with his innumerable paintings of every conceivable subject. Unfortunately, his ardent admirers have made a cult of his peculiar art, and it is therefore impossible for a layman to follow their unqualified praise of all that he has done. Notably the creations of his last period are most difficult to appreciate, nor does his own explanation of the fantastic outline of objects "which, when seen through certain mediums, appear larger than they are," entirely justify his presentation of the human form.

The most satisfactory interpretation of his genius makes him not only a great painter, but also gives him a prominent position among the Spanish mystics. Warm reds are replaced by transparent blues or veiling grays, giving all of his last great compositions a purely celestial atmosphere. For this reason many of his paintings should never be viewed on a level with the eye. This grouping, as

well as the attitude of individual figures, improves vastly when seen from below. Like those of a true mystic, all of El Greco's creations are wholly serious; hardly a smile brightens the general impression made by his canvases. Even his portraits, stupendous as they are in their variety and individuality, indicate an unvarying preference for a serious or thoughtful moment.

The three festal days in honor of El Greco were filled with the usual merry-making, including fireworks at night and bull fights by day, without which even a mystic of the Renaissance cannot be properly honored. The numerous antiquity shops also celebrated after their fashion by raising the price for the benefit of visitors, and the hotels added a slight sum to the bill of the unsuspecting guest. But Toledo can never lose any of its charm. After I had lost my way for the twentieth time in the labyrinth of a hundred crooked passages, I felt that I was at last becoming acquainted with the old imperial city. R. S.

Toledo, Spain, April 15.

Literature

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

The Hapsburg Monarchy. By Henry Wickham Steed. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.

Hungary's Fight for National Existence, or The History of the Great Uprising Led by Francis Rakoczi II, 1703-1711. By Ladislas Baron Hengelmüller. New York: Macmillan Co. \$3.25.

The Life of the Emperor Francis Joseph. By Francis Gribble. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.75 net.

The author of "The Hapsburg Monarchy" is in some respects unusually well qualified for his task. He has, as he says, lived for ten years the daily life of the country, and he has had access to excellent sources of information. He has thus learned to look upon the complex political and social conditions of the Empire, not with the eyes of an English critic, but as an interested observer, who, detached as he is, has in some ways adopted an almost Austrian point of view.

The very title of the book gives us a clue to the author's general attitude. He identifies himself with those students of Austrian history who find in the essential unity of all the lands of Austria-Hungary under the Hapsburg dynasty the best guarantee of her future existence. The dynastic tie seems to him far stronger than the dualism which now unites Austria and Hungary. Singularly enough, his political creed is in the main that of the pre-revolutionary, conservative Austrian Liberal—dissatisfied with existing conditions, recognizing the need of change in many directions, yet having no particular remedy to suggest,

and turning, after all, to the Hapsburgs as those best qualified to hold together the strange medley of races, nationalities, religions, and classes that constitutes the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. Of this type the poet Grillparzer was the most distinguished representative, and Mr. Steed fortifies himself by quoting in his preface Grillparzer's famous lines which, in 1848, were intended to impress upon Austrians of whatever nationality the need of rallying around the dynasty and the army in support of the state.

It seems a curious anomaly that a country so difficult to govern as Austria-Hungary should have found in Francis Joseph—a ruler of no well-defined political convictions, not even of consistent political leanings—precisely the man best able to command that personal loyalty which, again and again, has temporarily reconciled the warring elements of the monarchy. Were Mr. Steed fully acquainted with the characteristic traits of the Austrian rulers of past times, he would find the present Emperor less of a psychological riddle. Francis Joseph appears to him "personally unselfish, generous and just, ever ready to redress a private injury," and yet, as a ruler, often "callous to the point of injustice," willing to tolerate, as long as recruits and money are forthcoming, Ministerial policies that press hard upon whole sections of loyal subjects. Such a judgment leaves wholly out of account the many insoluble problems that have beset Francis Joseph from the beginning of his reign. There is, however, greater justice in the following summary of the contradictions of his career:

The youth, not illiberally educated, who in 1848 succeeded to the throne of an empire in revolt and learned to distrust constitutionalism, liberalism, and all forms of progressive political aspiration; the absolutist ruler, led by stress of circumstance and reactionary advisers to believe that the army, the church, the police, and the bureaucracy are the only reliable pillars of a throne, and induced on his twenty-fifth birthday to present his peoples with a Concordat involving an abject capitulation of the state to the church; the defeated commander-in-chief at Solferino, whom the loss of Lombardy and the imminence of state bankruptcy caused to doubt the wisdom of his reactionary counsellors; the semi-constitutional Emperor of 1860-65, anxious to save his leadership among German princes, but who, being outmaneuvered by Bismarck at the Frankfurt Diet of Princes in 1863 and by Moltke at Sadowa in 1866, was compelled to fall back on his hereditary peoples, to bargain with Hungary and to bedizen Austria with constitutional robes in the vain hope that what was irrevocably lost might yet be retrieved; . . . and, finally, the Constitutional King of Hungary and Constitutionally absolutist Emperor of Austria . . . such a man or some such man is Francis Joseph of Hapsburg-Lorraine.

The sketch is too rapid to be wholly life-like. Elsewhere in the volume other aspects of Francis Joseph's long reign are discriminately touched upon, such as his determination, in the late sixties, to subordinate the Church to the State, and his active interference, in the Conclave of 1903, against the election of Cardinal Rampolla to the Papal throne. In fact, faithful Catholic as Francis Joseph always has been, the interests of the state have ever been his first concern. No priest has been among his intimate counsellors, and he has never given countenance to religious and sectarian prejudice. That no monarch of recent times has, on the whole, been actuated by a higher sense of duty towards all his subjects must be conceded by every fair-minded critic.

The author's general familiarity with his subject is most apparent in the chapters dealing with such topics as The Bureaucracy, The Police, The Church, and The Press, though not infrequently there is manifest that tendency to over-emphasize abuses which is inherent in his peculiar mental attitude. The Austrian bureaucracy has many sins to answer for, and as a circumlocution office it has perhaps had few equals, but to imagine that only "a new Joseph II, or a new Lueger," could simplify its procedures is to adopt precisely the hopeless tone of the old-fashioned Viennese burgher, and to ignore the fact that the Austrian civil service has during recent years made great strides in efficiency and is approximating Prussian standards. Similarly, in speaking of the pervasiveness of the Austrian police, the author exaggerates the functions of that petty tyrant, the city house porter (*Hausmeister*). It is not correct to say that the police—whether in ordinary times or at critical moments—keep strict watch over the movements of foreign visitors in Austria. "The stranger is unaware," says Mr. Steed, "that the porter of his house is a *confidant* of the police, and that his goings and comings, his manner of life, the number and names of his friends, and all personal details are carefully communicated by the porter to the police, which preserves them in a *dossier* ready for communication to the political or to the fiscal authorities as occasion may require. Unless warned from some friendly quarter, he may not know that his correspondence is being watched, his telephone 'tapped,' and his intercourse noted." It seems worth while to point out the glaring exaggerations in this statement, in view of the fact that an American publicist of the first rank has adopted a similar view of the functions of the Austrian police, following, probably, like Mr. Steed, the account of antiquated conditions in Dr. Ignaz Beidtel's "Geschichte der österreichischen Staatsverwaltung, 1740-1848."

Mr. Steed has a keener eye for certain peculiarly Austrian incongruities, such as the discrepancy between the rigor of the press regulations and the ease with which a confiscated journal can bring the obnoxious article before the public. If such a journal is on a friendly footing with a member of Parliament, it simply asks him to embody the confiscated matter in a parliamentary interpellation. "The journal is then able to reproduce its confiscated article from the parliamentary reports and to wave it under the nose of the public prosecutor and the police."

The passages characterizing the principal Vienna papers are among the most interesting in the book, though they are marked by an anti-Jewish animus which is its chief defect. Mr. Steed finds Jewish influence so pronounced in every field of activity throughout the Empire that he feels impelled to devote to the solution of the "problem" many pages and much ingenious speculation. The simple solution, lying in the fact that in Austria, as elsewhere, intellect and character find in the long run their natural level, has escaped his notice, although he unconsciously pays both the Austrian Jews and their country a high tribute in saying that the Hapsburg monarchy, "despite its reputation for conservatism, might with justice claim that it offers even to its humblest citizens a career open to talent, especially when the talent is that of the Jew."

The author's remarks concerning army conditions in Austria-Hungary are fair-minded and instructive. He contrasts the officers favorably with those of Germany:

The bulk of Austro-Hungarian officers are drawn, not as in Germany, from the aristocracy and the nobility, but rather from the middle and lower middle classes. Austro-Hungarian officers are, for the most part, hard-working, hard-living men, unspolled by luxury, and striving to subsist on little more than their meagre pay. They stand nearer than the German officers to the common soldier. Cases of ill-treatment of men by officers are rare. The subaltern who should restrict his intercourse with his men to the shouting of a few words of command would soon be found wanting. The bulk of Austro-Hungarian regiments are racially composite. Their officers must speak enough of the languages of the men to be able to supplement the German words of command with detailed instructions and explanations in the mother tongues of the rank and file. There results a personal relationship that renders the army in Austria-Hungary a more human and humanizing organization than in Germany.

The author finds also a certain educative force, as compared with other countries, in the Austrian Socialist movement, which has acquired increased momentum since the introduction of universal suffrage in 1906-7. He speaks

with deserved praise of the organ of the party, the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, which "frequently treats the larger political, social, and even diplomatic issues with a breadth of view and statesmanlike grasp that would honor any independent journal in Europe." The Socialist leader, Dr. Victor Adler, "a Jew of the prophetic, self-sacrificing, zealous type," has devoted his personal fortune largely to the maintenance of the journal.

Mr. Steed draws a sombre picture of the future of Austrian Liberalism, which is giving way, on the one hand, to the radicalism of the Social Democrats, and, on the other, to the brutality of the Christian Socialism of Lueger, that "genial, irreverent demagogue," who gave such a powerful impulse to the present "middle-class policy" of the Government, and whose tactics are in no small degree responsible for the parliamentary degeneracy that has disgraced Austria.

The chapter on the foreign policy of the Empire, though pervaded by the author's usual pessimism, contains an interesting historical retrospect. He indulges in the day-dream of a modification of the dual system and its possible replacement by a Federalist organization which would give the Southern Slavs a commanding position in the domestic and foreign relations of the Empire. "From the standpoint of the internal cohesion of the monarchy," he says, "the Magyar state has acted as a repellent force, powerless for good, powerful for evil; and, pending proof to the contrary, students of Hapsburg affairs are constrained to regard the Magyars rather as a liability than as an asset of the Crown." All this in spite of his full recognition, as elsewhere expressed in the volume, of the clear-sighted wisdom of Deák and Andrássy, both as to the demands of Hungary and the requirements of the monarchy. But with all its contradictions and marked prejudices, Mr. Steed's volume forms a valuable contribution to the study of present-day conditions in Austria-Hungary, and well repays careful reading.

No one better fitted to speak for the right of Hungary to her present position in the monarchy could easily be found than Baron Hengelmüller, for many years the Austrian Ambassador to this country, who has had the happy thought to write the first English story of Rákóczy's romantic rising against the Hapsburgs early in the eighteenth century. The struggle was of European significance, inasmuch as its varying phases implicated France and the Germanic Empire during the war of the Spanish Succession, and enlisted the sympathies of the envoys of England. Mr. Bryce, in his preface to the volume, briefly points out the connection between Rákóczy's resistance to the Hapsburg policy and that national sen-

timent which culminated in the revolution of 1848-49 and led to the triumph of Francis Deák in 1867.

Baron Hengelmüller's work, which is to be followed by a second volume, is the fruit of most painstaking research, and, as might be expected from a man in his position, his story is a model of tactful presentation. He has drawn largely on Rákóczy's own "Autobiography," which, written for himself, was deposited in a French monastery and not discovered until 1858. Baron Hengelmüller has carefully pointed out the discrepancies between the "Autobiography" and Rákóczy's "History of the Revolutions in Hungary," which was written partly in Latin and partly in French and published at The Hague in 1739.

The volume deals largely with military movements and diplomatic transactions and with the blunders of Austrian officialdom that often enough played into Rákóczy's hands. The statesmanlike sagacity of Prince Eugene emerges from the crowd of the incompetents, whom the author sketches with an unsparing hand. The policy of Austria during the time of Rákóczy's warfare is condemned as hopelessly shortsighted. "There is no doubt that the Austrians of the period looked upon Hungary very much as the English did on Ireland."

Rákóczy's personality, from the time of his election as Prince of Transylvania till the breaking off of the peace negotiations in 1706 (with which the volume closes), does not, perhaps, stand out with as much distinctness as might be wished, but Baron Hengelmüller did not intend to write a biography. As an historical investigator, he certainly has achieved a notable success.

It is to be regretted that the author has departed from established usage in discarding Hungarian accents. There is no good reason for a change which gives a strange and linguistically unwarranted appearance to many historic names, including Rákóczy's own. In the case of Széchenyi alone the accents have been retained. It is to be hoped that the second volume will have the benefit of more careful proof-reading than the first, which contains numerous misprints.

Francis Gribble, the author of "The Life of the Emperor Francis Joseph," takes himself seriously. He sees no reason why the "historian" who is not under obligations of loyalty or hospitality should not criticize freely. Accordingly, he has dished up one of those messes of love affairs, intrigues, scandals, and back-stairs gossip which it has become the fashion to call memoirs or biographies. Barring what he has gleaned from others, he knows very little of "Austro-Hungary" and its history. The name Rudolph, he says, had not been borne by a Hapsburg ruler for five hun-

dred years, and in the next sentence he speaks of Rudolph II, "who had died mad"—in 1612. The author, in summing up, finds the reign of Francis Joseph "an intensely interesting period of history. It is interesting from the personal point of view as the story of Nemesis overtaking the oppressor; the story which we have presented symbolically as the story of the fulfilment of Countess Karolyi's curse." This curse and other portents furnish him with historical material, which he also finds abundantly in the career of Princess Louisa of Tuscany and other wayward scions of the house of Hapsburg, among whom he includes King Ludwig of Bavaria. "The Martyrdom of an Empress" appears to him of doubtful authenticity—but he pads his pages all the same with specimens of its long-exposed falsehoods. It is pitiful that such rubbish can find publishers and readers.

CURRENT FICTION.

Grannie. By Mrs. George Wemyss. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Having just received a pen, a blotter, and a pig—in reality an inkwell—as gifts from her grandchildren, Grannie could not better show her appreciation of these tokens than by applying them to the description of her rôle as grandmother. She has reached the age when one gives counsel with authority and judges matters by feeling rather than by reasoning. The confessions of this unassuming, good-natured, mellow little old lady are refreshing. She speaks of her family, of modern Claudia who rules the household and insists upon calling a spade a spade; of Putts, who calls Grannie "Patts"; of Patricia, whose romances Grannie furthers. She speaks of the village folk, and particularly of Miss Cherry, whom they honor by reading to her model obituary notices that will appear when she dies. Grannie's chronicle is most successful when dealing with the young. Their prattle has a naïve spontaneity. Grannie's success comes from her understanding of the nature of her flock. The characters of the narrative are varied. Had they been cut in more deeply, the book might have aspired to the permanence of "Cranford."

Sunrise Valley. By Marion Hill. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Related in this lively, spontaneous fashion, the adventure of teaching country school and boarding with a "director's" family makes a surprisingly gay little story. It has been stretched to include a legend of hidden treasure and one incongruously heavy love scene, both of which seem mistakes, though more forgivable ones than the thinly disguised didacticism that crops out

from time to time. It is certainly a pity to find it in a tale otherwise so full of merry humor and accurate observation. Anybody who has ever had to contend in the schoolroom with the idioms of western Pennsylvania can vouch for the naturalness of those scenes of educational effort pervaded by the "agonizing proficiency" of Loleda Jones Toledra, "who could complete all tasks mapped out for her quicker than a cat can lick cream," but in whose vocabulary the preposition *behind* had no place, in *back* of flourishing in its stead. Nor could the delightful Aldriches possibly have grown elsewhere, with their efficiency and kindness, their strictly practical ideas, their affectionate home wrangles, and their unstinted pride and indulgence reserved for their own.

Dodo's Daughter. By E. F. Benson
New York: The Century Co.

Mr. Benson is supposed to have regretted "Dodo" as a youthful indiscretion, but his penitence on that score may be doubted since twenty years after he comes out, effervescent and unashamed, with "Dodo's Daughter." His last novel is not nearly as shocking as was his first, but that is probably less poor Mr. Benson's fault than our own. The science of moral anti-seismography has been highly developed since Mr. Benson, an archbishop's son, tickled pleasantly the naughty aspirations of the British middle classes, and to-day it takes something particularly strenuous from Germany or the Scandinavian countries to make us feel even the semblance of a shock.

The bitter truth must be admitted; Dodo is not as naughty as we had pictured her through the telescope, no, opera glasses, of youthful recollections, and Dodo's daughter and her friends are almost mid-Victorian in the propriety with which they marry and are given in marriage—Ouida would turn in her grave at the domesticity to which the British aristocracy has descended. For not only does Dodo's daughter, after some rather perfunctory misadventures with a character whom in essentials Mr. Benson has used in a previous book, contract a happy alliance with an ideally commonplace young man, but Dodo herself, having divorced Prince Waldenech, the bibulous nobleman with whom we left her twenty years ago, marries her first love, the fiancé whom she so unceremoniously jilted early in her career, and, of all bourgeois achievements, at the age of forty-five, presents him with an heir. As Dodo herself says, "Isn't it ridiculous?"

The author has not wholly lost his knack of social satire, and his tongue is in his cheek when Nadine and her friends patronize the Victorianism of the "souls" among whom Dodo in her heyday was a daring leader. "Dodo's

Daughter" is a readable book, and it is plain that Mr. Benson has mellowed with the years, but it is not as clever either as "Dodo" or as some of the other novels that he has written in the interim.

My Lady of the Chinese Courtyard. By Elizabeth Cooper. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The changes that China has undergone in the last quarter of a century are reflected in the sequestered life of a Chinese lady of rank. The record consists of two series of letters. The first of these are written to her absent husband from a home where a mother-in-law of the old school rules severely. They describe at length the daily life and customs of an aristocratic Chinese household untouched by the invasion of Western ideas. The later letters are addressed by this wife in middle age to her erstwhile tyrant of a mother-in-law, and tell how official life in new China looks on the domestic side. The culture and wisdom of the old civilization to which the spirit of the Occident has proved so inimical, is often beautifully defended, and from time to time one comes on an adage that compares amusingly with one of our own, as "When a man has been burned once with hot soup, he forever after blows upon cold rice." Probably no woman, East or West, ever wrote private letters so full of description and exposition. It is a book written about a Chinese woman, not by one, and creates as little illusion as to the personality of the writer as did a sagacious Englishman's treatise of some years ago, entitled "Letters of a Chinese Official." There are plenty of excellent photographs by way of illustration.

Ezekiel Expands. By Lucy Pratt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Miss Pratt, in this further study of Ezekiel, her gifted negro-child creation, writes with perfect control of the negro dialect and rare understanding of the race, acquired during her residence at Hampton. The extraordinary imagination of Ezekiel and his power of casting a spell over his audience, whether black or white, are again set forth. But this is something more than entertaining writing. It is the negro character which in many of its phases is here portrayed. The pathos of the negro child and of the cruel color-line is well brought out in the quaint sayings of the brave and shrewd little boy. And there are not a few deserved hits at the superior race. Whoever has attended a conference on the negro will enjoy Ezekiel's definition of such a gathering:

"W'y, it's where dey all talks about 'em. Doan't yer know, it's where dey talks about upliftin' de culled people, an'

'bout how dey's gwine help 'em. Ain't yer nuver hyeah 'bout it?" Upon which his listener, Archelus, responds: "Doan't look like it's sense ter talk 'bout 'em all time, is it?" only to meet with this crushing retort from Ezekiel: "I doan' know ef it's sense or not, but it's de onlies' thing dey does, anyway."

Miss Pratt must have been a rarely sympathetic teacher. At any rate, there are valuable lessons here for a reading public which needs to have its sympathy aroused for a struggling race.

IDEALS OF HINDUISM.

Studies from an Eastern Home. By Sister Nivedita (Margaret E. Noble), with Prefatory Memoir by S. K. Ratcliffe. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.20 net.

Now that Nationalism has become endemic, the historian of the future cannot fail to consider the subtle influence that the author of these studies exercised among her followers, apart from her unconscious share in revivifying an otiose Hinduism. Sister Nivedita's Irish ancestry explains, in a large measure, the passionate enthusiasm with which she invested an ill-understood propaganda, and the mysticism in which she apparently immersed a keen, aggressive mind. Only in a small degree is she unlike the disciples of the Celtic Movement.

But it must be remembered that the real force of her personality impinged on the Hindu imagination through an utter effacement of creed, dogma, and nationality, that must ever be the despair of the ideal missionary or educator in India. As Max Müller has somewhere remarked, in India you find yourself between an immense Past, and an immense Future. As a pioneer in education, Sister Nivedita caught the dual vision. She championed an education for the Hindu in the tradition of his race, religion, and custom, as opposed to the hybrid that is the ideal of the English university system in India, and in adopting this attitude she discovered a means of contact and a policy for all those who wish to understand and interpret the subject races in India. From platform and press she thundered at British blunders in reform. Yet so completely did she identify herself with Hindu ideals and standards that she failed to express herself against such evils as child-marriage and perpetual widowhood.

In the present volume are collected studies of Hindu myth, custom, and legend, translated with something of the same shy, rare understanding that we associate with Lafcadio Hearn's interpretation of the Japanese. Here, however, the angle of belief is more acute, and the association with a religion, alien in its native milieu both in

practice and interpretation, is more complete. Still, we imagine that the exponents of a new Hinduism as typified in the Arya Somaj or the Brahmo Somaj, whether or not they approved of her, lost in Sister Nivedita a valuable ally.

These studies, taken with her previous volume, "The Web of Indian Life," embody the results of a life spent in a quest of the soul of a people. While it must suggest the failure of a rare personality to come to grips with the essential problem of Hinduism—its stagnation, and its apathy towards the new spirit animating the younger generation of its adherents, the refusal to avail itself of the rising tide of Nationalism—yet this failure may be otherwise explained. Sister Nivedita's attitude, doubtless, had its definite spiritual rewards. Prof. William James referred to this condition of mind, using the words of Saint Teresa, as "the orison of union"; and as such we must understand Sister Nivedita's mystical absorption in Hinduism.

A NEW NOTE IN FRENCH FICTION.

A far-away melody is heard more and more in the fiction of younger French writers. It lingers round the race's traditional life in provincial families whose youth are forced into the modern hurly-burly. This may be natural reaction, and it may prove short-lived; but it is spontaneous and often comes from those who can have no consciousness of reaction. It is like Walter Scott preparing Englishmen for the Oxford Movement, as Newman noted.

In form, it goes little further back than Balzac, who was a prime reactionary, and to Flaubert's "Education Sentimentale." But these Neo-Classicalists, as some of them dubiously label themselves, look on dead Zola and living Anatole France like Christian on Pagan and Pope in the Pilgrim's Progress. For them, the attempt to show "how entirely *non compos mentis* the world was till our time" is a failure. Anatole France has expressed his annoyance at this new generation which escapes him: "It has not faith—since faith is lost—and it makes a show of faith." Perhaps the show is revival in a race that has been examining its conscience.

"Laure," by Emile Clermont, is not really open to this suspicion of faith or reaction; yet it follows the new trend. All last season it was the novel most canvassed, coming up for the Academy's great prize of Literature and barely missing it, the prize remaining unawarded. The Immortals were too equally divided between its merits and those of a Nationalist book by Jean Variot, of Maurice Barrès's school. Not that there is the slightest taint of Exoticism in "Laure," for whose French

quality Ernest Lavisse stood sponsor. The book begins:

You must take your way through monotonous countries without a past and devoid of history to know the inestimable value of the spiritual air breathing through places that have brought forth noble events. . . . Ancient houses with shutters falling and disjointed, châteaux lonely in their valleys—how many there are through this country of France which all along their past have sheltered high tragedies! Sacrifice, devotedness, piety, deep inner dialogues, and wills freed from the world's common motives, and lofty wisdom won in tears—all this does not evaporate in an hour. An imprint remains, a fragrance of legend and respect.

. . . For nigh two hundred years the Engérand family has occupied this house and park. . . . The scions of its four primitive branches have stayed on in the country in fair number, with varying fortune and names, still keeping the remembrance of common origin and often brought together again by new marriages. But, among all these cousins, from far back, there was a settled and particular consideration for this house of La Mettrie.

. . . There, only a few years since, such deference was paid to the two last representatives of the name—Maximilien—Fœl Engérand, who was near seventy and seemed chief of all the kin, and his son Charles-Armand, who retired here a widower with his two daughters—Laure and Louise.

. . . Laure and Louise were united by an affection which was visible to everybody. It was not only attachment, confidence, mutual attentions; it was more still, an indefinable, secret agreement, as if each, at every moment, took the other to witness of her feelings and behavior.

In this leisurely way a story unwinds which is not unknown to literature, for it can end only in the love of both sisters for one unsuspecting and undecided man. Hence, that the true love of one may run smooth, the other's true love must be sacrificed—and the other is Laure. Her inner trials and victories and the lack of understanding around her are the subject of this book. Her last victory is over the man himself, who little recked of her tragedy.

"It is true," said Laure, "I have been troubled for some days to see that Louise and you have not protected as your most precious good the affection which has united you."

The man, Marc, chiefly wonders that his sister-in-law should leave them altogether for life in a convent; and so the story ends.

"Dear me, Laure! perhaps your desires and your knowledge and even your virtues need to be very reserved. You think so and we must believe you. But for those like us who have only a simple, common life, it is a great thing by itself—to know that such as you exist."

With words like these, he assured her several times over that, from her re-

treat, some radiance would still fall upon them.

Thus they finished their farewells, full of promises.

It should be said that the convent part of the story counts for little, and the writer seems respectful of religious realities, rather than familiar with them. But the very old French idea of the sacrifice of one for another as opposed to the modern "right to live one's own life" is brought out strikingly.

"Les Survivants," by René Behaine, leads us into another traditional and provincial world—gentry ending their race in unpropitious days. Here we are back with Walter Scott and his Osbaldistones; but the French author has never a Di Vernon to light up the perpetual afternoon. Here, too, the convent, which may have been suppressed by law, but is not yet driven from French tradition, is brought in for the education of young girls of a declining caste—a picture full of simplicity and charm.

Jean Morgan, in two successive novels, "Au Seuil de l'Amour" and "Parmi les Ruines," moves also in such belated French lives with which belated New England consciences should have much sympathy. In the first the heroic young maiden sacrifices her own prospects of worldly happiness to make a current man of her young brother, when the death of their parents leaves them without the fortune to which they were accustomed. There is a charming picture of noble, needy University life; and when the sacrifice of legitimate affection is over, perhaps unappreciated, the hospital sister continues in other works of love. The second is the story of a family shaken and rent by infidelity and divorce to the great danger of the children, until, by some Providence, it swings back to tradition:

The house of the family which lives after the man, the sacred place where the elders see the little ones grow up and these, in turn, remember their forefathers before they go to rest at their life's end.

"Les Demoiselles Bertram" is a novel of Paul Acker, who hovers still round his loved Alsace, but in an Alsatian family which has chosen to remain in France—the country of their heart. The story is entirely taken up with the failing fortunes of the holder of a small office in the state service of Finance, when the age of retirement has come. His three amiable daughters are dowerless—a tragedy relieved only by love and sacrifice in this old-world community in which each one clings to his social grade. One daughter marries happily—beneath her; one is sacrificed, and one realizes yet again the idea which occurred to unimaginative Lady Ambrose in "The New Republic":

Do you know, my dear, I have a set

of eight cousins, all unmarried; and when I look at those girls' faces, I do confess, my dear, that I positively wish your religion was true; for then they could all go into convents.

Perhaps it is because the French republic has left so few convents standing that this solution of a grave social problem recurs so often in the literature of Young France. It is true that France has as yet no suffragettes to regulate the position of women who are shut out from marriage by the present state of society.

None of these young French writers books—upsetting surely all English notions of "French novels"—has been taken from among the many which ostentatiously proclaim religious faith. Those centre upon names only beginning to be known abroad, particularly Charles Péguy, with his periodical "Cahiers"; Paul Claudel and Francis Jammes, oftenest mentioned as poets; Robert Valéry-Radot, the son-in-law of Pasteur and his biographer and also a poet. Of these Anatole France will have it that "their wrongheadedness may amuse at first and end by annoying."

"La Révolte des Anges," by Anatole France, excites mixed feelings. With these angels who learn on earth Darwinian eugenics (euphemistically), there is neither reverence nor respect of the limitation of religious ideals, nor even wholesome comedy as in "The Wonderful Visit" of Wells; nor is it the inappropriate love-making of Byron and

Woman wailing for her demon lover.

In the known pellucid, artistic language there is more than irony and the laughter of Mephistopheles; there is something very much like human animus, illogical and therefore unfair.

"La Force mystérieuse," by J. H. Rosny aîné, is a story of future possibilities, very scientifically evolved from the supposition that a molecular force of the universe somehow goes wrong—that is, not like what we expected from past observation. It has a particular interest from its preface, in which the author calls attention to the use of the same supposition—after himself—by Conan Doyle, who seems not to have been able to work out the science of it.

In "La Rose des Ruines" Victor Margueritte, who is now one of the older French novelists, continues that modern view of life and love in quick, clear, sharp sentences which distinguish him and his brother. There are, as we have seen, more modern than they. Of intensely provincial pictures, real, rollicking, sordid, tragic, there are two excellent examples—"Le Vieux Garain," by Gaston Roupenel (not for babes), and "Sicoutrou," a tale of love and poaching, delightfully close to the ground, by a new writer, Francisque Parn.

S. D.

Notes

In the educational section of last week's *Nation* the title of a book by Dr. G. L. Walton was by an error of the reviewer incorrectly given as "The Plant-Finder." The correct title of Dr. Walton's book is "The Flower-Finder."

McBride, Nast & Co. have in preparation for early publication "The Political Shame of Mexico," by Edwin I. Bell.

The Macmillan Company announces the forthcoming publication of "The Soul of America," by Stanton Coit; "Feeble-mindedness," by Henry H. Goddard; "They Who Question," Anonymous.

Frederick A. Stokes Company announces for publication in June "The League of the Leopard," by Harold Bindloss.

"Juvenile Courts and Probation," by Bernard Flexner and Roger N. Baldwin, will be issued by the Century Company early next month.

The Oxford University Press announces the immediate publication of "Princeton," by Prof. V. C. Collins, which is the second volume in its American College and University series.

Longmans, Green announce for publication shortly: "Modern Industry," by Florence Kelley; "The Economic Organization of England," by W. J. Ashley; "Fight Without Formule," by Commander Duchêne; "Factory Administration and Accounts," by Edward T. Elbourne.

Barrett H. Clark's "Continental Drama of To-day" will be issued by Henry Holt & Co. on Saturday. The same company announces another edition of Anderson Nexø's "Pelle the Conqueror—Boyhood." The second volume of the trilogy will be published about November 1.

Brentano's will publish on May 26 a new volume of Bernard Shaw's plays. The volume, in addition to Mr. Shaw's preface, will contain "Misalliance," "Fanny's First Play," and "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets."

The John Lane Company announces for publication to-morrow: "The Purple Mists," by F. E. Mills Young; "A Girl's Marriage," by Agnes Gordon Lennox; "The Trend," by William Arkwright; "Curing Christopher," by Mrs. Horace Tremlett; "Macdonald of the Isles," by Mrs. A. M. W. Stirling; "The New Optimism," by H. de Vere Stacpoole. The same company will publish "The Titan," by Theodore Dreiser, on May 22.

A VALUABLE contribution to our knowledge of an interesting country is Mr. John Claude White's description of his experiences in Bhutan, in the *National Geographic Magazine* for April. The head of a mission representing the Government of India at the inauguration of the present King, Sir Ugyen, in 1907, he had unequalled opportunities for seeing everything of interest and for gathering information otherwise impossible to procure. The reproductions of his photographs show the beauty and variety of the scenery in the heart of the Himalayas, and also the remarkable decorative

architecture of the forts, palaces, monasteries, and even of the native houses. The people are a fine race, who do excellent work in suspension bridge building, and are skilful artisans, as is shown by their ironwork, casting of metals, gold and silversmith's work, and especially weaving and embroidery. The personality of the King and his family life are attractively pictured. The new building of the National Geographic Society, whose membership is now 235,000, is described, and some interesting facts are given as to its present aims, exploration, and geographic research work.

IN choosing such a work as the "Barlaam and Ioasaph" of St. John Damascene for a volume of the Loeb Library (Macmillan; \$1.50 net), the general editors are, we think, following a wise policy. No doubt the great classical writers are of the first importance for the series, and these, as a matter of fact, are receiving the proper precedence; but, by making an author like St. John—not to mention Philostratus and Quintus Smyrnaeus, already published—easily accessible, in a form suitable for rapid reading, the Library may do something to enlarge the contracted interest of our classical scholarship. And it often needs enlargement. How many professors in this country whose business it is to know Greek literature have never read more than a few pages of Philostratus, for instance; have never looked into "Barlaam" (which may be excusable), and have not even had the ambition to make themselves familiar with the stirring poem of Quintus (which is inexcusable)? The answer, one suspects, would be a sad confession of mechanical routine taking the place of a quick and contagious interest.

MESSRS. G. R. WOODWARD and H. Mattingly, the translators of the "Barlaam and Ioasaph," conclude that it was certainly composed "during the Iconoclastic Controversy, in the eighth century," and probably about the year 750 A. D. The author, they contend, was either St. John of Damascus himself or some other monk of the name John who was intimately acquainted with the works of the Damascene, quoted from them largely, and held the same views. The conclusion will probably not be disputed by anybody in this country, and by few anywhere outside of Germany, where it is still not quite orthodox to accept a traditional attribution. For their English version, Messrs. Woodward and Mattingly have adopted a style strongly flavored with scriptural idiom. They were led to this by the difficulty of finding any other style that would fit the constant Biblical quotations into the text without disagreeable transitions and a general effect of patchwork. The result has been a greater freedom in the rendering than would have been necessary with a less artificial medium; but the freedom seldom descends into license, and the manner is suited to the matter. Despite its considerable interest, religious and in places fairly human, "Barlaam and Ioasaph" has never before been completely translated into English from the original, and the present undertaking is

a work of considerable value, carefully executed. The marginal references and elaborate indexes add to the scholarly character of the book. On page 191, "man of hell" is an odd misprint for "maw of hell," and on page 345 "I am thy debtor" reverses the meaning of the Greek. Other negligences could be pointed out.

IN "The War of the Roses, 1377-1471" (London: Crosby Lockwood & Son), Mr. R. B. Mowat, after a painstaking study of the printed sources, has written a convenient and trustworthy guide for those who desire a short history of this confusing period. While he does not differ materially in his account from Stubbs, Gairdner, Ramsay, and Oman, he has added numerous incidents to illustrate the spirit of the age and has given some especially good character sketches. The primary cause of the War of the Roses, Mr. Mowat says, was the family settlement of Edward III, by which that ruler hoped to establish powerful royal families to act as a counterpoise to the hostile feudal barons. The result was just the reverse. Instead of families bound to the king by ties of blood and self-interest, he created the "over mighty subject," who could well boast that he was "of as good birth as the King, only richer." Early in the fifteenth century, the five appanaged houses were reduced to two, Lancaster and York, whose bitter rivalry and struggle for the crown plunged England into a long internecine war. The ultimate causes of the downfall of the house of Lancaster were the loss of French territory, the weakness and virtual bankruptcy of the central government, and the spirit of lawlessness engendered among the nobles and their retainers during the foreign campaigns of the Hundred Years' War.

MORE vigor and definiteness of purpose are attributed to Henry VI by the author than others have usually assigned to him. He rejects Stubbs's dictum that "constitutional progress had outrun administrative order," and shows that the so-called Lancastrian experiment did not foreshadow modern responsible government. Henry VI frequently violated the rules of the Constitution, packed Parliament, interfered with the administration of justice, and strangely disregarded the demands of Parliament and public opinion. A good chapter is the one dealing with English Society during the War of the Roses. The rural and urban population were, on the whole, prosperous. Prices remained virtually the same. Trade and commerce were rapidly developing, and the old spirit of isolation was breaking down. Plundering by the soldiers was not common, for, indeed, such a policy would have been fatal to the party practicing it. The war was largely restricted to the barons and their retainers. The bitter family feuds precluded giving quarter, and the battles were usually followed by unrestrained murder and assassination. Lord Clifford exclaimed when he stabbed the youthful Earl of Rutland after the battle of Wakefield, "By God's blood, thy father slew mine; and so will I do thee, and all thy kin." The virtual extermination of the caste nobility opened the way for the control of local government by the middle class. A

strong monarchy, a nobility of service, and a wealthy middle class enabled England "to go through the tremendous crisis of the Reformation without the internal conflicts which devastated other countries."

MRS. ELIZABETH DOUGLAS VAN DENBURGH is the author of "My Voyage in the United States Frigate Congress" (Desmond Fitzgerald; \$2.50 net). She has rewritten a diary kept by herself as a girl of fourteen on a long voyage in 1845-46 of the Congress from Norfolk to Hawaii, upon which she was a passenger with her father, Joel Turrill, Consul-General to Hawaii, and the other members of his family, and Anthony Ten Eyck, Commissioner to Hawaii, who was also accompanied by his family. It was a long and uneventful voyage, with a very stormy passage around Cape Horn. The book is interesting only as a picture of conditions on a warship just at the period when sailing frigates were disappearing and steam warships coming to take their place. Mrs. Van Denburgh and her sister are the sole survivors of this cruise. Of the ship's company only two were really distinguished, Commodore Robert F. Stockton and the commander of the ship, Samuel Francis Du Pont, later the well-known Admiral of the Civil War.

A COLLECTION of thirty-five brief impressions of places is comprised in "The Tower of Mirrors," by Vernon Lee (Lane, \$1.25 net). France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy are put under contribution to provide fine sensations. At her best Vernon Lee is superlatively good in this swift notation of personal reaction to place. Such an essay as "Sterzing am Brenner," with its dream pageant of the folk who through the ages have halted at the German outpost above the Venetic plain is extraordinarily evocative. Sens and the Nun of the Bon Pasteur is exquisite. The Victor of Xanten, a parallel of the myths of Siegfried and St. Victor suggested by the sight of Siegfried's legendary birthplace at Rhine mouth, is a delightful essay. It illustrates the blend of vivid impressionism with nice and apposite historical associations, which is the distinguishing merit of Vernon Lee's work. She envisages a sharply seen present in the light of all the past, and this without sentimentalism. The occasional defect of this work is a sort of priggishness, insistence on small impressions, forcing a sensation when none arrives spontaneously, a trick of deliberately avoiding the larger point of things as too obvious. It would be hard, for example, to tell less about Vallombrosa in an equal number of words. Still this is a kind of writing in which the rule is whim, and a too natural and expansive Vernon Lee would be a dire disappointment to her readers. For her devout admirers, among which the reviewer counts himself, the best of these slight essays will convey the very quintessence of her strong and delicate genius.

THOMAS SPENCER JEROME, who died on April 12, at Capri, in his early fifties, was a fine representative of a type rare among us, the private, unattached scholar. For many years he had pursued exhaustive studies of the

Roman Empire. Recently his lectures before the American Academy at Rome and the Historical Society at London had gained him a long-due recognition among his colleagues and had aroused high expectation of the great work he was not to live to complete. Jerome was of pioneer Michigan stock. His father, David Hewell Jerome, made a fortune in mining and railway building, becoming eventually Governor of Michigan. The son was graduated from the literary department of the University of Michigan in 1884, studied in the Law School for a year, and took his master of arts at Harvard in 1887. For a time he gave himself to the practice of the law at Detroit, but his scholarly predilections soon became overmastering. Freed from the usual task of money-making, he decided to move to the scene of his favorite studies. With his friend, Charles W. Freer, the well-known connoisseur, he bought the delightful Villa Castello on the heights of Capri, assumed the quite honorary function of consular agent, continued the building up of a remarkable historical library, and began the excerpting of a truly formidable mass of notes. Though a delightful host and stimulating companion with his intellectual peers, his life was very much that of a recluse. Inordinate application to his studies unquestionably shortened his years. The marking feature of his history was to have been, first, a radical critique of the Latin historians; second, a fuller use of non-literary sources, epigraphic especially, than had ever been undertaken; finally, a reinterpretation of the crude data in the light of modern science and psychology. A characteristic comment on the famous dictum *Latifundia* destroyed Italy was "Read malaria." To his task of reinterpretation he brought a keen and robust intelligence, good humor, and common-sense.

ONE of the rarer scholastic pleasures was to hear him trim and discount historians of the moralizing type of Seneca, Tacitus, or Suetonius. His researches swung a wide orbit, as is shown by the fugitive studies recently collected into the volume, "Roman Memories in the Landscape Seen from Capri" (London: Mills & Boon). From his study window were visible all the greater landmarks of Campania, a landscape truly eloquent to such an observer. Two volumes of similar preliminary and incidental studies are about to be issued by the Putnams. Gradually the knowledge of his studies brought him the acquaintance he most valued, and his bachelor establishment and library became a resort and a resource for all scholarly visitors to Capri. His championship of the traduced Emperor Tiberius and his own serviceable good sense won him also the affection of the natives of the island. After his lectures at the American Academy, this admiration took the form, embarrassing to a modest scholar, of a serenade by the village band, an address of thanks by the Mayor, and the quaffing of official champagne to the memory of the best, and worst-entreated, of Emperors and to the health of the American consular agent. Mr. Jerome's voluminous notes

are so legible and admirably arranged that a skilful literary executor might be able to carry the work forward. He often surveyed the huge tables on which his material lay in appallingly complete order and said ruefully, "I shall be the Lord Acton of America." The jest hit near the mark. It is to be hoped that some continuer of his studies may be found, and that some adequate salvage be made from the notes that represent many years of indefatigable labor and alert selection.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

THE Channel Islands—where there is still in everyday use a patois almost identical with the Norman French spoken by William the Conqueror—are the home of other quaint antiquarian relics. One of them, an ancient form of injunction, was revived in Guernsey last month. A local politician, whose election as "jurat" had been annulled by the Royal Court of the island on the ground of his having been sentenced to a term of imprisonment some years ago, knelt bare-headed at the entrance to the court house and exclaimed: "Haro! Haro! Haro! à l'aide, mon Prince, on me fait tort." The effect of this appeal, technically called the "clameur de Haro," is to stay proceedings until the petitioner's case has been heard. In modern times the cry has most frequently been raised to interrupt building operations on land to which the title is disputed—much to the annoyance of unsuspecting strangers who have settled in the islands without being aware of this curious tradition. Popular etymology explains "Haro" as an abbreviation of "Ha! Rollo," thus making the cry a direct appeal to the first Duke of Normandy.

HUNTERS of autographs will be justly envious of the good fortune of Glasgow University in obtaining the MS. notes of Arthur J. Balfour's Gifford Lectures. They are written on large, cream-colored envelopes, and consist almost entirely of headings and catchwords. The Glasgow Herald publishes this sample: "Paradox of chance. Poincaré. But à priori. Pennies? Monte Carlo. No drift. Random. Sufficient reason. Knot. Objective to subjective. Dice. Theism."

REGIS MICHAUD is bringing out in French two volumes (Paris: Armand Colin) of an "Autobiographie d'Emerson," boiled down from the ten volumes of the Journal, with notes to aid the French understanding. An effort is made to follow out the spiritual evolution of the "American philosopher." Emerson is bound to be known in France, as Montaigne, whom he resembled in many ways, is known everywhere, as "the author of the Essays." In the sixties, Victor Cousin, who thought himself as omniscient as his reading was omnivorous, said of Emerson—"Much erudition and no logic!" The "young" of the passing generation in France know more than that, thanks largely to initiating theses of a doctoresse, Marie Dugard. Translations have followed and commentaries by current philosophers. It is true that Young France, now crowding forward, appears little likely to pursue the

acquaintance. Still, Emerson has at least dawned on French literary consciousness more than Walt Whitman, whom he appreciated and who has been similarly studied, but infinitely less and sixty years later than Poe, whom he despised. He may catch up ultimately with Carlyle, who has been pushed of late years for his French Revolution. Emerson had a strong opinion about France, "where poet never grew"; but a judicious choice of his own poetry, esoteric and pragmatic, might yet win him a place among "foreign classics" acknowledged by the French. Poe's Tales, thanks to Baudelaire, long since became a French classic. Fenimore Cooper has been taken even more closely to the heart of the nation as a universal schoolboys' writer—another reversal of criticism by Humanity.

THE French version of the fourth volume of Dierauer's monumental "Histoire de la Confédération suisse" has lately been published at Lausanne, the narrative being brought down to the year 1798. The author is director of the famous library at St. Gall, and his work not only displays an accurate and thorough knowledge of the subject, but is written in an admirably lucid style. The part which will be read with most interest by students of Swiss history is that relating to the imposition by France of the Helvetic constitution, during the last decade of the eighteenth century.

A YOUNG author of Geneva, M. Frank Grandjean, may be regarded as the epic poet of the Nietzschean school. He attracted some attention by his popular lectures at the university on Bergson; and has now published a partly pessimistic, partly supermannish, poem entitled "L'Epopée d'un solitaire." Apparently he is the "solitaire" disguised under the name of Helios. It is doubtful whether many admirers of belles-lettres will find the eight cantos of this long and somewhat lugubrious work very enticing; nor will philosophical readers recognize in the Geneva poet a new Lucretius, although he has evidently read Lucretius. Ideas like those of the Non-Ego, the Maya, the Uncreated, and "the nightmare of Evolution" are troublesome in prose, and are more troublesome when veiled in the language of poetry.

WHAT promises to become a serious agitation is in progress against the Federal Council of Switzerland because of its failure to suppress the public gambling now so prevalent at the chief Alpine resorts. The legal prohibition is perfectly explicit, but the authorities seem reluctant to enforce it—not the local authorities, but the executive Government itself. The clergy, university professors, and the principal newspapers are very insistent in their protests. But the blame is put upon the foreign visitors to Switzerland. They would not like, it is said, to be deprived of this form of amusement. This excuse has added fuel to the flame of opposition; for the Swiss are greatly concerned at the way in which their political and economic life is dominated by foreign, especially by Teutonic, influences. The Bund, the Government organ at Berne, is thoroughly

German in its spirit and tendencies. The army is said to be in danger of becoming Germanized; officers are accused of introducing Prussian ideas and manners into the service; artillery is ordered from Krupp; Swiss industries are being everywhere absorbed by Germans; and the more important hotels are owned, managed, and served by Germans. Germany cannot, however, be held responsible for the gambling.

Science

A PHILOSOPHER'S SELF-REVELATION.

Glimpses of the Cosmos: A Mental Autobiography by Lester F. Ward, LL.D., comprising his minor contributions now republished, together with biographical and historical sketches of all his writings. Vols. I-III (to be completed in twelve volumes). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net each.

This "mental autobiography" is to be a reprint in full of every essay, minor article, or note that the author has ever written and published during his entire life, or from the age of sixteen to seventy, with but a single exception, that of a certain newspaper article of which both print and manuscript have been lost. There are 557 bibliographic titles, which with a few notable exceptions cover most of the subjects upon which the human mind has exercised itself. To the title of each of these entries is added the date of publication, the age of the author, and the history of the article, or the circumstances under which it came to be written. The author's numerous books and scientific monographs are duly listed and their history given, often at great length, as in the case of "Dynamic Sociology," the account of which is extended to nearly one hundred pages; but these works are not reproduced.

The author explains that the three volumes now before us are offered in response to those admiring readers who wished to have ready access to his scattered writings, and to know more of his personal history; this work they must accept in lieu of a more formal biography. His further object and his method of attaining it are explained in great detail; his multifarious papers are not classified by subject, but are all entered in strict chronological sequence, because, as he says, the sciences are all mutually related. "Of course," as he further explains, "between a paper in which I describe a hundred new species of fossil plants and one on the principles of social mechanics there seems to be as wide a chasm as can be conceived of, but when under social statics, which is one of the great subdivisions of social mechanics, I am obliged to range the

principle of sympodial dichotomy, supposed to be a strictly botanical principle, and little understood by botanists themselves, and to show that it is the main principle governing cosmic, organic, and social evolution, we see that the two apparently so remote ends of the series are brought together, and that all nature is ultimately one." "I have never been able," he adds, "to treat any subject except in its relation to all other subjects, and my main purpose has always been to point out those relations."

It is evident that the author took a serious view of life at an early day, for he had kept a diary steadily from the age of nineteen. To these sources he could turn for a history of his activities, but he had at command still other and more extensive scrap-books, numbering twenty-three volumes, and devoted to "Reviews and Press Notices," "Autograph Letters," and "Biography." To illustrate his desire to know everything that he had ever thought, said, or written, it may be noticed that he made a great card-index to the whole of this material, "sparing no pains to cross-index every name, subject, or word on every page." Moreover, as the work of compilation progressed, he decided to make another card-index of his entire manuscript, which in the end required 10,000 standard cards. "I saw," said Dr. Ward, "that a complete index of this manuscript would place my entire life-work within my reach, and I cared quite as much for this as for the republication of my essays." Probably no author has ever been so well primed upon his own labors, or has ever presented so precise and exhaustive a history of his own literary or scientific career.

Professor Ward could not bring himself to skim the cream from his writings and throw away the milk, for each paper, as he naively remarks, will be found to harbor "at least one thought." His aim, in short, was "to put into accessible form all the thought that he had ever given to the world." Not only do these essays, ranging from the period of his youth to old age, serve to show the metabolism of his mind, but they "supplement" his system. Taking a warning from the experience of Auguste Comte, who, by rejecting much of his early work as premature, sacrificed one of the brightest things he ever said, "Tout est relatif; voilà le seul principe absolu" (or would have done so had it not been reproduced), our author would preserve every line, not only "believing," as he says, but "knowing that a considerable proportion of readers would be grievously disappointed . . . if even the least of my utterances were wanting in this place."

In deciding upon so unusual a course, he assumes "that the reader is a reasonable being," that after reading the

preface, he will "know what to expect, and that he will make the proper allowance for all the circumstances." But the reader assuredly has the same right to expect the author to be reasonable, and we think that after scanning the contents of these volumes, most will agree that Comte adopted the wiser course.

The author does not hesitate to analyze and classify the new ideas that he has contributed to the world's thought. "Now, what constantly strikes me," remarks this philosopher, "is that ever and anon some modern writer comes forward with the claim to the discovery of an entirely new truth. In every such case that I have thus far met with, if it is really a truth, it is one, or small part of one, that I have not only stated earlier, but, at least in most cases, have fully set forth, carefully analyzed, and connected with other related truths, as an integral part of my system of philosophy." Such instances the author would not necessarily ascribe to plagiarism, but thinks that they often arise from ignorance of his work, when not "due to the *Zeitgeist* itself, which is at last tardily overtaking" him.

In support of these rather extraordinary claims, the "Creative Evolution" of Henri Bergson is held up as a flagrant example, for many ideas therein, upon which our author has "been ringing the changes for thirty years, are served up as something wholly new to the world." Bergson has been credited with giving an entirely new character to evolution by showing that it is creative, but, says our author, "I should like to know if I have not been holding this idea up throughout my whole career. I have not only shown that evolution is creative, but how it is creative. Bergson scarcely gets beyond his title." Again his doctrine of the "*élan vital*," says our author, "embodies a great truth, but it is not new. In fact, it is nothing less than the manifestation in the organic world of the *nisus* of nature, the universal energy, making for higher stages of being." "In the latter part of his book Bergson shows his colors completely, and comes forth a pure metaphysician. But he thinks that he has made a great discovery that distinguishes him from all other metaphysicians. Instead of regarding the conception of time as derived from that of space, and that of space from that of matter and motion, as is becoming quite fashionable to do, he makes time (duration) the basis of everything, and plants his entire system upon that idea." Spencer, whose ideas have chiefly inspired this work, according to Bergson, "is not a philosopher at all, and all because, instead of making a universe out of whole cloth, as a true philosopher must do, he took the one he found, and did the best he could

with it. If Bergson had known me and deigned to mention me, I should have shared the same fate, and so of all who deal with realities. . . . In fact, there is no place in his scheme for observation and the only faculty called out by it is imagination." Similarly, Germany is being flooded with new books, in support of the monistic philosophy, but, says Professor Ward, their claims to originality are unfounded; not even their principles are new; "the greater part of them are to be found in my books, dating back ten, twenty, or even thirty years." The outlook is rather discouraging.

Professor Ward deals rather briefly with his biography, under the head of "Personal Remark," for he declares that his mind had "always been trimmed toward the future rather than the past"; accordingly he was never interested in genealogy, and regarded pride in ancestry as a mark of degeneracy. He was born at Joliet, Ill., on June 18, 1841, his father, a mechanic by trade, having gone thither to build one of the locks on the Illinois and Michigan Canal. As a youth, he developed a great love for nature and an aptitude for languages, opportunities for exploring the woods and fields meantime being rarely neglected. When he was twelve years old his family emigrated from Illinois to Iowa, travelling the entire distance in a small covered wagon, to take up a quarter section of land, for which his father held a warrant on account of service in the War of 1812. This was a memorable journey for the boys, who slept on the ground at night, had many adventures by day, and supplied the family generously with game. Returning to Illinois after his father's death in 1857, young Ward went to work on a farm, and was soon able to pay his tuition at school and to satisfy in some measure that persistent thirst for knowledge which was as characteristic of the boy as of the man. He joined his older brother the following year in a wagon-hub factory in Pennsylvania, and though the business was a failure, he made great progress in Latin, Greek, German, and French. He went through Ollendorff's Greek Grammar while at his work, and it was "over the arch" that he studied Loomis's Physiology and many other text-books. His next school showed the advantage to be gained by such studious habits, for he was advanced over class after class, until he was soon reading Livy and Herodotus. In the winter of 1861-62 this "autodidact" was teaching school and preparing to enter college, when, catching the fever of the times, he entered the Civil War instead. He served as a soldier two years and three months, and was engaged at the battle of Chancellorsville, where he had the unusual experience of being shot three times in as many min-

utes, and of recovering almost completely afterwards.

Shortly after the war Lester Ward entered the civil service of the Government at Washington, where he remained, first in the Bureau of Statistics, and afterwards in the office of the Geological Survey, for upwards of forty years. Determined not to relinquish his plans for a higher education, Mr. Ward entered Columbian (now George Washington) University, where he was graduated in 1869, and two years later he had completed its law course. His scientific career began at this time, when he determined to study botany and began to plan for his first extensive work in philosophy, which later developed into the "Dynamic Sociology."

While engaged at the Bureau of Statistics he made a careful computation of the number of immigrants arriving in this country prior to 1820, and placed it at 250,000, which is still regarded as approximately accurate, and while a member of the Geological Survey he published nine extensive monographs upon fossil plants, not to speak of a vast number of minor papers upon a great variety of subjects.

In 1869 Mr. Ward was instrumental in the formation of the National Reform League, a secret organization devoted to freedom of thought, particularly in religion, and became the editor of its organ, the *Iconoclast*, which appeared the following year and ran through eighteen numbers, when it died of inanition. Some sixty articles which were contributed anonymously by the editor to this magazine are reproduced in the first volume of the present work. At this time Mr. Ward was obsessed with the idea that the Church was not only a great hotbed of superstition, but society's most insidious enemy, which should be rooted out and destroyed. This feeling is well illustrated in his editorial, which appeared as the opening gun of the first number of the *Iconoclast*: "We have thoroughly examined," said the editor, "the teachings, character, and effects of the great and popular institution known as the Orthodox Church; we have inspected its leading doctrines and satisfied ourselves that they are only the modified superstition of barbarous ages, the natural offspring of man's primitive ignorance." Professor Ward was, we believe, very outspoken on the subject of religion, and, so far as we are aware, he never changed his views upon this subject.

The "Dynamic Sociology," Dr. Ward's first extended work, had a hard time in finding a publisher, or even a magazine that would print any part of it, but it was finally accepted by the Appletons on the guarantee basis. Though its sales were small, the work has gone through two editions, and has been on the market for over thirty years; to

the author it was a moral, if not a financial, success. Shortly after its appearance four laudatory reviews appeared in as many Washington newspapers. In one of these articles, which was contributed anonymously to the *Washington Post*, the writer said: "That this book is destined to produce a profound impression upon the more thoughtful classes of society, and one that will grow with repeated and extended perusal, we cannot doubt. That such a system of thought should have emanated from an American is a most hopeful sign, and Washington is to be especially congratulated on being the focal centre from whence it has proceeded." Now, it is not a little curious to find that the writer of this amiable criticism and of the other three was no other than the learned author himself, who not only reproduces the articles as part of his bibliographic output, but candidly writes the history of his own criticism of his own work, adding that "any one who should read all these [articles] consecutively would not suspect that they were from the same pen, as in each case I presented the work from a different point of view."

Whatever inconsistencies one may find in Lester Ward's philosophy, or however one may differ from those who think that they have found in him a Moses to lead them into the promised land, all must acknowledge that he united to an intellect of very exceptional powers an ardent love of truth and an industry that was truly phenomenal. His "Glimpses of the Cosmos" is a remarkable human document.

Volume II of "The Bodley Head Natural History" (Lane) is devoted to three or four families of the order Passeres of British birds. The text, of indifferent merit, ordinarily states the habitat of the bird, describes it, gives the facts regarding its nest and eggs, and tells something of its song, or any of its idiosyncrasies. The chief merit of the enterprise lies in the illustrations, a flood of pen sketches, roughly tinted, which decorate the margin of the page. They show an eye for the pose of birds which is decidedly uncommon.

The *Annales de Géographie* for March opens with a report of the recent conference in Paris on the international map of the world, by its secretary, M. E. de Margerie. The increasing interest in this undertaking is shown by the fact that while at the previous conference in London there were only twenty-four delegates from eleven countries, at this there were sixty-six delegates from thirty-five countries. An article by M. G. Capus, based on seven years' observations in the Tonkin delta, asserts the economic value of tropical rains. The other subjects treated are the plain of Valence, and the recent abrupt change in the level of the Caspian Sea. A brief account is also given, in the geographical chronicle, of Archdeacon Stuck's ascent of Mt. McKinley.

Drama

RECENT LONDON PRODUCTIONS.

THE SUCCESS OF "PYGMALION" — MR. SHAW'S PROXIMITY — GALSWORTHY'S "THE MOB" — THE INDISCRETION OF A FUTURIST PRODUCER.

LONDON, April 30.

There seems to be no doubt that "Pygmalion" is a success at His Majesty's. I had difficulty in securing a seat for last Wednesday's matinée, and found the house crammed. Appearances in the theatre are not always "veridical"; but as appearances in England are borne out by unquestionable results in Germany, we may fairly conclude that Mr. Bernard Shaw has this time "backed a winner." Why resort to stable slang, it may be asked, to convey the simple fact that he has made a success? I do so because I think the secret of the success is revealed in that phrase. Mr. Shaw happens to have hit upon one of the stock themes which are perennially attractive to popular audiences, or, in other words, which may be trusted to win whenever they are handled with reasonable skill. It is very significant that the title of one of Sir James Barrie's early successes, "The Professor's Love-Story," would suit "Pygmalion" to a nicety. Mr. Shaw's Professor Higgins is in all essentials Sir James Barrie's Professor Goodwillie over again—the absent-minded, unpractical, unworldly man-of-science, who considers himself an old bachelor and, when brought face to face with the devotion of the charming girl, cannot understand either her feelings or his own. This simple romance—note that Mr. Shaw calls his play a romance—is susceptible of several variations. Mr. Shaw has chosen one which heightens its poignancy. The lady, in Professor Goodwillie's case, was merely his secretary; in Professor Higgins's she is an uneducated flower-girl, on whom the Professor has conferred the gift of articulate speech, and (incidentally and inadvertently) a soul. It is here, of course, that the analogy to "Pygmalion and Galatea" comes in; but several other analogies could easily be found without going either to Sir William Gilbert or to Greek mythology.

The play is, withal, one of Mr. Shaw's most human, if not most brilliant, productions. It contains some gems of comedy, such as the scene between Higgins and Alfred Doolittle, the flower-girl's father, and the converted flower-girl's first appearance in polite society. It is more or less amusing throughout; but technically it cannot escape the reproach of diffuseness, not to say prolixity. Its five acts might with advantage have been compressed into three.

The first scene, which shows us the meeting of Henry Higgins and Eliza Doolittle, on a rainy night, under the portico of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, may be valuable from the point of view of picturesqueness and oddity, but is not dramatically essential. Perhaps I should have appreciated it more but for the fact that Mrs. Patrick Campbell's cockney dialect was so uncompromising that I did not understand a word she said. Then, again, the fourth act, in which the perfected Galatea shows her astonished Pygmalion the difference between a woman and a gramophone, is curiously short and perfunctory. In parliamentary language, we look for a full-dress debate, and no sooner has it begun than the house is counted out. A dramatist more careful of his craft than Mr. Shaw would either have run the fourth and fifth acts into one, or would at least have placed a crucial scene in the fourth act, and made the fifth, which, in fact, is long and rambling, a brief, bright epilogue.

The crimson expletive of which so much has been heard occurs at the end of the delightful scene in the third act, in which Miss Doolittle shows that she has mastered English pronunciation, but not the grammar, vocabulary, or conventions of polite society. For my part, my objection to the word is simply that it is undramatic. It is flatly incredible that Higgins and his coadjutor, Colonel Pickering, should not from the first have put an embargo upon that word of all others in the language. It would have been quite right and very amusing if, in a moment of excitement, Eliza had caught herself in the act of saying "bl—" and had hastily substituted "very" or something equally colorless. As it is, she brings out the word quite calmly and confidently, without any stimulus of emotion. There may be some question as to how far a dramatist should extend his vocabulary in the interests of dramatic truth; but here the question does not arise, for dramatic truth demands, not the utterance, but the suppression, of the offending word.

It remains to be said that in the performance at His Majesty's we can see but as in a glass, darkly, the play as Mr. Shaw conceived it. Mrs. Campbell's performance of Eliza Doolittle is a brilliant piece of acting, and no doubt contributes enormously to the success of the production; but an actress who made her first great success twenty-one years ago, and was then no novice, obviously cannot give us the sensation, so to speak, of Mr. Shaw's heroine. Curiously, and yet quite comprehensibly, she was most convincing as the dragged waif of the first two acts. Huddled up in rags, and bedizened with the flaunting picture-hat of the slums, a woman may have any age or no age. But when Eliza comes out in the height of Bond

Street fashion, and especially in the gorgeous evening gown of the fourth act, she is so obviously a radiant and conquering woman of the world that we cannot believe for a moment that Higgins and Pickering could overlook and ignore her as they pretend to do. Our powers of make-believe, of provisional credence, are overtaxed. To give the thing a moment's plausibility, Eliza should be an unripe slip of a creature, whom it is possible for men with eyes in their heads to consider insignificant and negligible. As for the character of Henry Higgins, one can but dimly divine Mr. Shaw's intention through the haze in which it is enveloped by Sir Herbert Tree's overpowering personality and all too familiar methods. Sir Herbert is clever and amusing just as we have seen him clever and amusing in a score of other parts. He has long given up the attempt to subdue his personality to his author, and has adopted the opposite plan—as a star actor almost inevitably must—of subduing his author to his personality. Mr. Shaw, one fancies, must find in his heart a new fellow-feeling with Shakespeare.

At the Coronet Theatre, Bayswater, Miss Horniman's Manchester company has been presenting with success, for the past two weeks, Mr. John Galsworthy's four-act play, "The Mob." It does one good to see so distinguished a piece of work received with acclamation by popular audiences; but if you ask whether it is a great play, or whether it stands on a level with "The Silver Box," "Strife," and "Justice," I am bound to confess that I cannot think so. Frankly, Mr. Galsworthy has let the humanitarian get the upper hand of the artist. He seems in this play to be going the way of Tolstoy; but Tolstoy knew how to put into his most doctrinary work a marvellous wealth of life-like detail, which we miss in "The Mob." I would not grumble at the sacrifice of the artist to the humanitarian if the humanitarian profited by it. But he does not. Mr. Galsworthy's indictment of The Mob would be much more telling if the play were more life-like. His humanitarianism is for once a little inhuman.

Stephen More is a statesman who resigns his place in the Ministry in order to protest against an unjust war into which England is being hurried. His friends all draw away from him; his wife, the daughter and sister of a soldier, is shocked at his proceedings; even his little daughter wishes that her daddy would be on "our side." News of disasters arrives; popular feeling is intensely wrought up, and Stephen More insists on undertaking a "stop the war" lecture-tour through the country. The mob spits upon him and stones him, but still he keeps on. When news arrives of her brother's death at the front, his wife deserts him, carrying off his child. The

mob breaks his windows; the servants are driven from his house, and, at news of the first victory, the "mafficking" populace rushes in upon him and kills him. Then the curtain rises for a moment on the "Aftermath"—a silent tableau exhibiting the statue erected to his memory.

Evidently this is not so much a play as a symbol. The characters have no independent life; they are simply there to illustrate a theme. The theme is exactly that of Ibsen's "Enemy of the People"; but oh, what a difference in the humanity of the two plays! "The Mob," no doubt, has a certain impressiveness. It reminds us forcibly of the danger of being carried away by the rush of some cheap and shallow collective frenzy. But it overshoots its mark. While we feel the theoretic danger, we also feel, "No, there is no practical danger of our being carried away to such insensate extremes." All of us but the very young remember clearly the fever of the Boer War, which Mr. Galsworthy obviously has in mind. We know that feeling ran very high, and that the Pro-Boer minority was far from popular. We know that some violent partisans of the Boers held meetings of a more or less stormy character. Some of them, I dare say, were broken up. We know that, after black months of tense anxiety, the relief, first of Ladysmith and then of Mafeking, was hailed with rejoicings in which a great deal of regrettable rowdiness was let loose. But it is not the case that the most outspoken Pro-Boer was treated like a leper by his family and friends. It is not the case that mob-patriotism went the length of serious personal violence—much less of assassination. I do not remember that a single window or a single head was broken. "Mere questions of degree!" Mr. Galsworthy may say: "My picture of the bestial vulgarity of epidemic patriotism remains substantially right." But degree is everything in these matters. It is useless to quarrel with the mob for not being always in the right. The question is whether they are apt to carry their shallow, unreasoning passion to the pitch of gross inhumanity; and here I think that, so far as England is concerned, the evidence is against Mr. Galsworthy. How much profounder, how much bitterer, is Dr. Stockmann's mob-psychology, as he gathers up the stones that have come through his windows:

Just look at them! Upon my soul, there aren't more than two decent-sized lumps in the whole heap; the rest are nothing but pebbles—mere gravel. They stood down there and yelled and swore they'd half kill me; but as for really doing it—no, there's mighty little fear of that in this town.

Mr. Chesterton's "Magic" has been

followed at the Little Theatre by a play named "Account Rendered," by Mr. Robert Elson. It deals, very inexpertly, with a good theme. The clever wife of a stupid Cabinet Minister manages to keep him in office by playing on the passion of his chief opponent, and practically inducing him to betray the interests of his party. She well knows, but will not admit to herself, what reward he expects for his sacrifices; and when he "renders his account" she refuses to pay. This theme is capable of very interesting developments; but it is feebly handled and comes to nothing. I mention it on account of the entertaining "Foreword" which the manager, Mr. Kenelm Foss, prints on the playbill. Mr. Foss has taken several leaves out of the books of Mr. Granville Barker and Mr. Gordon Craig, and apparently aspires to be the Futurist producer of London. He says:

It may possibly be remembered that in "Magic" I solicited adverse criticism by two (if no more) eccentricities of decoration. The Prelude on a Hill-top was presented with the artificial coloring and decorative unreality of a Japanese print; while in the play itself I deliberately broke the restfulness of the Hall of an English Manor-house with shimmering esoteric curtains that instantly became a most vital factor in the pictorial scheme. The instance will serve for my entire method. My conception of the duty of a producer is to take the real message of the author (whether he himself knows what it is or no) and to convey it (in spite of themselves) to the audience, either with the aid of, or in defiance of, the actors.

He then goes on to explain that "Account Rendered" demands "queer" treatment, and that, therefore, he is presenting it "in a whimsical and new manner. . . . And if this new setting should set a fashion, as genuinely new things have a way of doing, no one will be more pleased than I." The whimsical novelty of the setting mainly consisted in making a Cabinet Minister's drawing-room look like an extremely cheap and dirty Italian restaurant. But Mr. Foss is, I believe, a really clever young man, and no doubt he will live down this amusing indiscretion.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

"THE CHARM OF ISABEL."

The charm of Isabel, in the play of that name, produced last week by William A. Brady at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, is, at the best, rather a negative quality, consisting, as it does, principally in the lady's inability to say "no." Misunderstanding on this point is impossible, for the author, Sydney Rosenfeld, has apparently created one rather long part, that of Caroline Leighton, expressly for the purpose of testifying to this peculiarity in Isabel's character. Consequently, the intelligence of the audience is relieved of whatever strain

might be imposed upon it by having to draw its own conclusions from the development of the characters and the action of the play.

Mr. Rosenfeld understands the familiar machinery of the theatre, but the oil of inspiration is lacking. "The Charm of Isabel," in motive and construction, is thoroughly hackneyed. The first act is redeemed only by the excellent acting of Albert Brown, as an impressionable stage Frenchman, who breaks into Isabel's room when she is in bed to propose to her. There seems to be no particular reason for this situation rather than for another, and neither the indifferent stage settings nor the unrepentful comedy of Miss Marie Nordstrom, as Isabel, can be commended. In the second act, in which Isabel, still unable to say "no," is embarrassed by the attentions of various members of a sanctimonious New England household, Miss Nordstrom is more at home, and there is some excellent dialogue in a scene at an organ between Isabel and a young probationer, which shows that the author is capable of better work than on this occasion he has produced. The promise of this act, however, is not fulfilled in the third, and the play comes haltingly to a conclusion, by no means unforeseen, but wholly unbelievable, in the engagement of the flighty Isabel to the probationer, while the amorous Frenchman finds consolation in the ample charms of her friend, whose function in the universe has heretofore been to insist on Isabel's infirmity in the matter of saying "no." S. W.

NOTES.

It was announced recently that Paul Gavault has been appointed director of the Odéon Theatre in succession to M. Antoine, after eight years of artistic effort which met with liberal appreciation from the critics, but with insufficient support from the public. M. Gavault was the author of "Mlle. Josette—Ma Femme," the amusing farce, which enjoyed a long run in Paris, and, in Anglicized form, was successful also in London.

In reference to the performance of Henry Porter's "The Two Angry Women of Abingdon" at the Shakespearean Festival at Stratford this year, the critic of the London Times says: "It is all first-rate, honest, homely fun, ingeniously woven, and racy in every word with Elizabethan wit and Elizabethan flavor. That, of course, is not all appreciable by modern ears and modern taste. These servingmen and their jests are a little out of touch with us of to-day. Mr. Kirwan's Elizabethanism turns out to have nothing excessive about it beyond the small 'noise,' as the men of that time would have called the band of strings which plays music of the time between the acts and the trumpets which announce the performance. But Mr. Kirwan and his company have undoubtedly succeeded in catching something more important than detail. They have caught what we must suppose to be the Elizabethan spirit in the acting—a hearty, jovial spirit that makes the most of this Elizabethan farce."

Music

MUSICAL HISTORY AND INSTRUMENTS.

Familiar Talks on the History of Music. By Arnold J. Gantvoort. New York: G. Schirmer. \$1.50.

Outlines of Music History. By Clarence G. Hamilton. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. \$1.50.

The Story of the Flute. By H. Macaulay Fitzgibbon. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Advice to Violin Students. By Wallace Ritchie. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

The Art of Tone Production on the Violoncello. By Emil Krall. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

For more than twenty years Arnold J. Gantvoort has lectured on the history of music to students of the Cincinnati College of Music. He has now printed the substance of his lectures in a volume of 285 pages which has considerable merit and some faults. The most serious of the faults is a lack of proportion. Like most other historians of music, he gives a great deal too much space to the early stages as compared to the later and more important epochs. To allow thirteen pages to the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans, and four to the Chinese in a treatise so short that there is room for only one page on Chopin, and little more for most of the great masters, is surely a mistake. When space is so valuable, why dwell on such unimportant personages as Gombert (who gets half as many lines as Chopin!), Ducas, Verdelet, and dozens of very minor musicians? The absence of an index is another defect, and there seems no reason for retaining the spelling Monteverde, since that composer in all his letters signed himself Monteverdi. As against these blemishes one must concede to the author a good style, comprehensive and usually up-to-date knowledge, and the art of presenting information in language free from needless technicalities. One of the best features of the book is the use of copious illustrations in musical type, some of which—especially those taken from early operas—the student would have difficulty in finding elsewhere.

Musical illustrations abound also in the excellent "Outlines of Musical History," by Clarence G. Hamilton, of which a new edition has been issued. The chapter dealing with the most modern developments has been entirely rewritten, to give room for brief mention of Schoenberg and other composers of the day who make a specialty of false notes. The author himself strikes a false note in declaring that those who do not like the "cataclysmic dissonances" and oth-

er peculiarities of these "progressives" are "compelled by public opinion to wage a losing fight." Figures and nightly experience in opera houses and concert halls do not bear out this statement. One of the most valuable features of Mr. Hamilton's book consists of judiciously compiled lists of books after the several chapters, in which the epochs or composers referred to can be studied in greater detail. For class work these lists are invaluable. Although it is only within a few decades that American musicians have shown merit worth remembering, Mr. Hamilton devotes half-a-dozen pages to the principal native composers, headed by Edward MacDowell, who has "achieved the most far-reaching reputation for originality."

In the history of musical instruments none goes back as far as the flute, although the particular shape of the flute now in use is of comparatively modern origin. Mr. Fitzgibbon discourses learnedly but with the eloquence of a devotee of the various transformations this instrument has passed through. Biographic as well as technical details are given about those who, in several countries, helped to improve the flute, their number being surprisingly large. Military flutes and piccolos are not ignored. The gradual improvement of flute music is also described, with many interesting glimpses of the peculiarities of diverse composers, from Bach and Handel to Richard Strauss, in their treatment of this instrument. Regarding Strauss the author remarks that "in his works the extreme limit as regards the technical difficulty is assuredly reached; whether the result obtained, however, is commensurate is certainly open to question."

Advice to violin students is always in order—their number is growing from year to year. Wallace Ritchie, in his little book on this subject, emphasizes his own discoveries and observations during a long experience as principal of a violin school in London. A chapter is given to the Sevcik method, which he considers "by far the most complete and perfect system the world has yet seen." It is well to remember, however, that Sevcik's work lies entirely in the field of technique. Among the other topics treated by Mr. Ritchie are the art of practicing to most advantage, the choice of teachers, and what ought to be taken into consideration in buying a violin.

Of violoncello players there are not nearly as many as of violinists; but Emil Krall's book on Tone Production appeals to the latter, too, for it is concerned with the art of bowing, on which expression depends, and which, in the opinion of Mr. Krall, presents more difficulties even than the left-hand technique of fingering. His book is based on "The Physiology of Bowing," by Dr. Steinhausen, who was the first to give

scientific reasons for the practices resorted to by the greatest violinists. There are many pictures showing how to hold the instrument and the bow, and how to guide the latter so as to secure always the appropriate tone and expression.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Fourteen eminent soloists have already been obtained for the Philharmonic concerts in Carnegie Hall next season. Among them are five singers: Lucrezia Bori, Alma Gluck, Lucille Weingartner-Marcel, Julia Culp, Pasquale Amato; four violinists: Fritz Kreisler, Efreim Zimbalist, Arrigo Serato, Jacques Thibaud; six pianists: Ferruccio Busoni, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Carl Friedberg, Ernesto Consolo, Eleanor Spencer, Germaine Schnitzer. Kitty Cheatham will be the soloist at two concerts for young people. The concerts will begin on October 29 and last till March 26.

Lulli (who died in 1687) has recently been remembered in Paris by the revival of his tragic ballet, "Psyché," which was designed by Molière. It was performed as nearly as possible under the conditions that prevailed in the time of Louis Quatorze. Lulli was the composer of no fewer than thirty ballets between the years 1658 and 1671.

Mme. Lillian Nordica, who died at Batavia, Java, on May 10, was born on May 12, 1859, at Farmington, Me. Her early musical education was received from John O'Neill and at the New England Conservatory of Music, and her first public appearance of note was at the age of seventeen, when she sang in a "Messiah" performance given by the Handel and Haydn Society. She was advised by Tietjens to go to New York and study with Mme. Maretzek, and through her she became acquainted with the eminent bandmaster, Patrick Gilmore, who engaged her as soloist for a Western tour and subsequently took her to England, where she sang at seventy-eight concerts. In 1878, the year of the Exposition in Paris, she was the first vocalist to be heard in the new Trocadero. Then she went to Italy, where she took lessons from Sangiovanni and sang in the opera at Brescia for three months. During two seasons at the Paris Opéra, Mme. Nordica had the advantage of studying some of her rôles with Ambroise Thomas and with Gounod, in whose "Faust" she sang in New York in 1883. After singing year after year in the various opera centres of Europe and America, she was invited to impersonate Elsa in "Lohengrin" at Bayreuth, by Cosima Wagner, with whom she studied for three months. Her principal Wagner studies were made, however, with Anton Seidl at the Metropolitan Opera House, and under his guidance, and with further aid from Jean de Reszke and her second husband, Zoltan Doeme, her impersonations grew more and more poetic and dramatic. After the deaths of Grau and Conried, Lillian Nordica, like Emma Eames, left the Metropolitan company while still in her prime. For some years she spent part of her time on concert tours, which were attended with the greatest success, but her proper

sphere, because of her dramatic impulsiveness, was the opera.

After conducting the Royal Opera in Dresden for forty-two years, Ernst von Schuch died there on May 10, at the age of sixty-seven. He was born in Graz, Austria, on November 23, 1847. After studying with Dessoff in Vienna, he began, in 1867, his career as conductor. In 1873 he was appointed court conductor in Dresden, where the opera soon acquired a world-wide fame through his efforts and influence. Richard Strauss chose him to preside over the premières of several of his operas. Heinrich Conried once brought him to New York, but he did not remain, being unwilling to give up his position abroad. In 1897 he was ennobled by the Austrian Emperor. He married, in 1875, the eminent opera singer, Clementine Schuch-Procházka.

Art

THE INTERNATIONAL.

LONDON, April 20.

Seldom has a society of artists been more successful in throwing off the responsibilities of its name than the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers. Having had the courage to give to sculptors the priority other societies reserve for painters, it has finally established itself in the new Grosvenor Gallery, where no provision is made for the exhibition of sculpture and it is impossible to show more than a few small bronzes and marbles and perhaps one or two larger pieces, as this year, when Rodin's Eve commands the centre of the first large room. The Society, having also had the courage—and it required courage in England—to call itself International, and to be for several years as International as its name, is now as British as the Royal Academy, to which many of its members have been called, the foreigner being hardly less of an exception at the Grosvenor than at Burlington House. Nor has it been any more faithful to its principles and traditions. In the beginning it asserted its independence of the Academy by allowing no Academician to be elected to its ranks or to remain an active member. Now, one Associate of the Academy is the vice-president—virtually the president, since Rodin presides but in name—and five are on the Council.

In the beginning space was found for earlier work that seemed to set the standard for the Society, and that it was a delight to see again in an exhibition. This year, only three early works of conspicuous note are included: one of the interiors Alfred Stevens knew so well how to paint, with such beauty and quality in every detail of furniture and ornament that the figure, as in this lit-

the painting, becomes almost an intrusion; one of Daumier's small, tragically sombre versions of Don Quixote; and Millais's Mrs. Heugh, painted before he had lost all memories of his Pre-Raphaelite training to develop into the popular and pleasing portrait painter, an amazing study of old age, full of character in the stern, seamed, wrinkled face and the folded wrinkled hands, full of beauty of tone in the rendering of the passages of white about the head and shoulders. The portrait, I believe, was once owned in America; it should not have been allowed to return to England, for already the small proportion of Millais's work that represents him at his best has passed into permanent collections.

Serious as are these lapses and infidelities, more serious is the fact that, although the exhibition just opened is only the sixteenth to be held, it should fall so far below the level of interest and excellence attained during the Society's first years in the spacious rooms at Prince's Skating Rink, Knightsbridge. In the beginning, the International, even in its British section, was the most formidable rival the Academy had ever been obliged to face. Now it is almost as oppressed by convention as the Academy, and, to a certain extent, like most other societies of artists in London, has degenerated into a sort of annex to the Academy. There is no question of the effect of a divided allegiance upon those members who have become Academicians. It may be that John Lavery sends nothing this spring because he is reserving himself for the show he is to give in the same gallery during June and July. But if Charles H. Shannon restricts himself to some of his already-known woodcuts and to a study in pastel for a decorative design, a big, bad prig from Puvis de Chavannes; if William Orpen has only a weak, superficial portrait of a woman the critic would hardly stop to look at save for his name in the catalogue; if William Strang is so reticent as to send only one of his large, inanimate groups gathered together in a discord of shrill, acid color; if Anning Bell is among the absent, and D. Y. Cameron rather emptier than usual in a Scotch mountainous landscape—the reason is evident. In three more weeks the Academy opens, and, despite everything, the Academy remains, to the British public and the British painter, the exhibition of the year, for which, therefore, the artist with an eye to the main chance naturally keeps back his most important work.

Other members are evidently in danger of sacrificing themselves, not to the Academy which has not yet opened its inner doors to them, but to their own conventions. Here and there you will come upon an artist who seeks the new

life in his work that new problems will give, as, for instance, Professor Sauter, who, whether altogether successful or no, finds a new scheme of color, a new expression of character, in his presentment of Prof. H. G. Fiedler, of Oxford, and, because he paints portraits, is not blind to the fresh loveliness of spring foliage out of his London windows, or to the solemn dignity of the Alps. Here and there among the few foreign exhibitors, Mancini, with his vigorous Eve and St. John; Breitner, with his sombre, tragic architecture; Frieseke, with his decorative fantasies; Morrice, with his harmonious landscapes, lend interest and variety to the walls. Here and there among the prints and drawings, the water-color of a Cock by Joseph Crawhall; the lithographs by Joseph Pennell, Spencer Pryse, Copley, Kathé Kollwitz, Ethel Gabain; the caricatures of Dulac, who seems to have found himself as a comic draughtsman, and is genuinely funny in his elaborately carried out idea of Ricketts and Shannon as a couple of many-armed fakers; the pastels of Henry Muhrman, strike a distinct personal note.

But the tendency of too many who have once achieved a success is to repeat it until they find themselves held fast in the chains of a formula of their own creation from which, apparently, there is no escape. Year by year, James Pryde exaggerates, by the cheapest of scene-painting tricks, the height of the architecture he paints and deepens the colors on his palette until he now begins to produce but parodies of himself. Year by year, Charles Ricketts emphasizes what would once have been called the "literary" interest in his faked-up classical and Biblical legends, until it has become the critical fashion to look into them only for what the present criticism describes as "intellect." And so it might be easy to go through the list. When it comes to the painters who make the most strenuous show of individuality, they do so chiefly by sacrificing to the movements and fashions of the moment. Simon Bussy, an artist of some distinction when uninfluenced by others, seems now to vie with the most decayed of the Matisse group when he paints a leopard against a vivid pink background with such an absence of atmosphere and detail that it is nothing more than one of his mild little sketches enlarged; or when he makes of his portrait of a little girl a flat pattern in a high key, so that it would tell best as an open-air advertisement. George W. Lambert, in a group of a prize-fighter in costume, a flower girl, a baby, and a man in a silk hat and black coat, to which he gives the title Important People, is evidently vacillating between his desire to be in the modern Post-Impressionist mode of simplification and his determination to

force people to come to his shop, as his address is printed on the barrow in the background, and to make them talk, as John Collier, with his academic popular "problem pictures," sets them talking every spring at the Academy. By whatever new name it may be disguised, the old-fashioned ambition of a certain type of artist to *épater le bourgeois*, continues to flourish, though the phrase has dwindled into a cliché.

Perhaps more characteristic of the tendencies of the new generation is the pretended return to Pre-Raphaelitism of a young painter, Eric H. Kennington, hitherto unknown, whose Costermongers is sure to prove, to use another venerable cliché, the *clou* of the exhibition. I do not mean that his tribute to the Pre-Raphaelites by studying them is characteristic; it is rather his tendency, shared with so many other young men, to express personality by borrowing it from somebody else. Of all the movements of the nineteenth century, Pre-Raphaelitism probably had less lasting influence than any other. And yet here is an unquestionably clever young man starting out upon his career by pretending to imitate the Brotherhood in their concern with detail, their love of pure color, their heroic pursuit of realism. He goes for his subjects to the life about him, as the Pre-Raphaelites did at times—Millais in the Blind Girl and Autumn Leaves, Holman Hunt in Strayed Sheep, Rossetti in Found; above all, Ford Madox Brown in Work. But he does not really get them there. In the rendering of his Costermongers he has burdened his canvas with the minute detail which he never saw, and the minute treatment of it that with the Pre-Raphaelites passed for observation. It happens, however, that the great defect of the Pre-Raphaelites was just the lack of that observation supposed to be their chief end as realists. They were too apt to see nothing but details, and each detail separately. Millais could paint leaf by leaf the creepers covering a brick wall, never noting the change that each hour of the day brought with it. Holman Hunt could camp out in the desert with his loaded gun in one hand and his palette in the other, to get the right background, and then turn out a Scapegoat as clean as a newly washed baa-lamb. It is the same with their latest disciple. One of Kennington's Costermongers, who are busy cooking potatoes out-of-doors, stands in the gutter, but his boots are spotless and his trousers are pure; all, presumably, have been doing hard work, but their hands and arms are beautifully clean; one girl kneels on the skirt of the other, but does not even ruffle it with her heavy weight. The observation, the realism, when examined, suggests nothing more real than the studio and models painted without brains—

only with lots of seriousness. It is this sort of work, this *reêcho*, clever often, laborious always, serious sometimes, but at the best a faint *reêcho*, that makes one understand the distinguished American artist who, after his first introduction to the masterpieces of the young British geniuses, wanted to hurry to the National Gallery "to wash his eyes."

N. N.

Finance

THE REMARKABLE HARVEST OUTLOOK.

The Government's "May estimate" last week on winter wheat—the early-planted crop which usually makes up two-thirds or more of the country's total wheat yield—brought forcibly into consideration a very remarkable factor in the financial outlook. That estimate was fully up to the hopeful expectations of the trade, and as rainfall and sunshine have alternated, since the data for the report came in at the end of April, in such manner as to improve even the favorable outlook of a fortnight ago, the official forecast of a 630,000,000-bushel yield was all the more readily accepted. This would be more than a hundred million bushels above the largest previous winter wheat crop—that of 1913.

The forecast by the Department of Agriculture did not take the grain trade or the markets by surprise. Agricultural conditions have probably never been better at this season. The winter wheat crop certainly has the best promise of the past two decades, on the largest acreage ever known. The crop is within five weeks of harvest in the extreme Southwest, and every additional day of good weather means millions of bushels saved to the yield. The Southwest has of late had more than the usual supply of moisture, and growing conditions are at present as nearly perfect as they can be. There is likely to be some loss here and there from insects, but there is a large enough increase more than to offset the average accidents and still leave a wholly satisfactory crop. Even western Kansas, which is the most precarious section of the wheat belt, and which has not had a really good crop of wheat in years, has the best of promise on this occasion.

The Government's estimates are habitually based, first on what is called the "condition percentage" of the crop at a given date—that is to say, its relation to a perfect growth, as compared with the crops in a group of preceding years. The condition assigned last week was 95%, the highest May condition since that of the great winter wheat crop of 1891, and the third highest condition ever reported in the grain trade's history. Not only is the total of planted

acreage abandoned during the winter season the smallest of any but one of the past fifteen years, but the larger part of the past season's loss was in States where the usual yield of wheat is small. Kansas has the promise of a 132,000,000-bushel crop, the greatest ever known, and 40,000,000 bushels over the maximum yield of 1912. For the four States west of the Missouri River—Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, and Texas—the indicated yield is 246,000,000 bushels, or 71,500,000 more than was harvested last year.

The four leading "soft-winter-wheat States"—Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio—can claim, on the basis of the estimate, 176,000,000 bushels, or 20,000,000 over last year's harvest. With the present outlook, the country can lose 107,000,000 bushels between now and harvest, and still leave as much as was harvested last year. On the basis of the average marketing, there would be 378,000,000 bushels to be marketed, of which the railways will get the greater part, or a very much larger aggregate than ever before.

The later-planted or "spring wheat crop," is not yet far enough advanced to admit of safe prediction. It has not been as remarkably favored as the early wheat by the season's weather, but it has met no serious setback. Since present promise for the winter wheat yield is undoubtedly better than the Government's forecast of 630,000,000 bushels as of April 30, and since the average spring wheat yield of the past five years (which included one partial failure) has been 245,000,000 bushels, the grain trade persists in asserting that a 900,000,000-bushel wheat crop this year is at least a reasonable possibility. Last year's yield was 763,000,000, exceeding all previous harvests, and the largest wheat crop raised in the five years 1907 to 1911 inclusive was 683,000,000.

The Stock Exchange made practically no response to the high crop estimate—a fact which attracted wide attention and inspired some misgiving. But its attitude, and the continued absence of revival in general trade, need not blind any one to the necessary significance of that news. Waiving entirely such questions as doubt over the political developments of the day, or over "rate decisions," or over Mexico, there are a few perfectly obvious inferences to be drawn. We have not yet reached harvest time; even the early wheat crop cannot yet be measured with absolute assurance. But in that one important crop, we are long past the possibility of harvest failure.

Only a most unusual combination of adverse circumstances can prevent the maturing of the largest winter wheat crop in our history. When it is borne in mind that a bountiful harvest is the one certain tangible addition to a na-

tion's wealth, and the one infallible source of an expanded foreign trade, and when it is also remembered that the produce of the farms must be carried to market, and that therefore quantity, and not price, determines the direct profits of the railways from the harvests, it is superfluous to ask what the present promise of the crops ought to mean to general prosperity.

There have been years when "bumper harvests" have served only to avert or temporarily postpone a formidable industrial reaction; that was true of the great crop seasons 1906 and 1891. But those were years in which bank credits and trade engagements had been previously brought to a scale of precarious inflation, which is precisely the reverse of the conditions which prevail to-day. Furthermore, even on those occasions the influence of the crops on the general situation, though only temporary, was powerful enough to shape the financial history of the year.

This is so unvarying a lesson of our past industrial history that any one who ignores its natural bearing on the future history of the present year is likely to miss his calculation. He may assume that a blight will fall on the growing crops in June or July; that we shall be plunged in war by midsummer; that Congress will run wild in anti-corporation activities, and that some great catastrophe will occur in the foreign credit markets. But these are assumptions, for which there has been quite as much warrant, at this time in half a dozen recent years, as there is to-day. That being so, it is not altogether unreasonable to accept the actual news from the grain country as having at least equal significance, in its relation to the future, with the action or inaction of prices on the Stock Exchange.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

- American Crisis Biographies: Daniel Webster. By F. A. Ogg. Philadelphia: Jacobs. \$1.25 net.
Bolton, H. E. Athanase de Mézières. Cleveland: Clark.
Illinois Historical Collections. Travel and Description. By S. J. Buck. Springfield: Illinois State History Library.
Jones, J. L. An Artilleryman's Diary. Wisconsin History Commission.
Kelly, H. A. Some American Medical Botanists. Troy: Southworth Co.
Munro, W. B. Selections from the Federalist. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
Narratives of the Witchcraft Cases. 1648-1706. Scribner. \$3 net.
Ottley, Alice. A Memoir Compiled by M. E. James. Longmans. \$4 net.
Rowe, J. G. The Romance of Irish History. Longmans. \$1.50 net.
Traubel, H. With Walt Whitman in Camden. Vol. III. Kennerley.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

- Angell, N. Arms and Industry. Putnam. \$1.25 net.
Antin, M. They Who Knock at Our Gates. Houghton Mifflin. \$1 net.

Blackford, K., and Newcomb, A. *The Job, the Man, the Boss*. Doubleday, Page. \$1.50 net.

Clark, J. B. *Social Justice Without Socialism*. Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents net.

Kelley, F. *Modern Industry*. Longmans. \$1 net.

Koester, F. *Modern City Planning and Maintenance*. McBride, Nast. \$6 net.

Smith, H. A. *The Law of Associations*. Oxford University Press. 6s. net.

Wakefield, E. G. *Art of Colonization*. Oxford University Press. 5s. net.

TRAVEL.

Jarintzoff, Madame N. *Russia, the Country of Extremes*. Illustrated. Holt.

MacHugh, R. H. *Modern Mexico*. Dodd, Mead.

Stuck, H. *Ten Thousand Miles with a Dog Sled*. Scribner. \$3.50 net.

POETRY.

Dawson, C. *Florence on a Certain Night*. Holt. \$1.25 net.

Maquarie, A. *A Rhapsody for Lovers*. London: Bickers.

Oxford Edition of Standard Authors: *Poems of Charles Kingsley*. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d.

The Golden Treasury. With Notes by C. B. Wheeler. Oxford University Press.

The World's Classics: Poems by D. G. Rossetti. Poems by William Morris. Oxford University Press. 1s. net.

Williams, B. C. *Gnomic Poetry in Anglo-Saxon*. Columbia University Press.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Boyd, W. *From Locke to Montessori*. Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25 net.

Clark, A. C. *The Primitive Text of the Gospels and Acts*. Oxford University Press. 4s. net.

C. R. A. *What Are We to Believe?* London: Watts.

Eucken, R. *The Problem of Human Life*. New Edition. Scribner. \$2 net.

Hill, R. A. P. *The Interregnum*. Putnam. \$1.45.

Sister Nivedita and Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy. *Myths of the Hindus and Buddhists*. Houghton Mifflin. \$4.50 net.

SCIENCE.

Bragdon, Claude. *A Primer of Higher Space*. Rochester: The Manas Press. \$1.

Laisant, C. A. *Mathematics*. Doubleday, Page. 50 cents net.

Richardson, A. S. *Better Babies and Their Care*. Stokes. 75 cents net.

Saleeby, C. W. *The Progress of Eugenics*. Funk & Wagnalls. \$1.50 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Anthology of German Piano Music. Vol. I. Ed. by M. Moszkowski. Ditson. \$1.50.

MacKaye, P. *Saint Louis*. Doubleday, Page. \$1 net.

Modern Drama Series: The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd. By D. H. Lawrence. Five plays by Lord Dunsany. Kennerley. \$1 net. \$1.25 net.

Smith, L. R. *Sixty Musical Games and Recreations*. Ditson.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Barnard, H. C. *The Little Schools of Port Royal*. Putnam. \$2.50.

Comprehensive Standard Dictionary. Funk & Wagnalls. \$1 net.

Cornford, F. M. *The Origin of Attic Comedy*. Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.

Howells, W. D. *The Seen and Unseen at Stratford-on-Avon*. Harper. \$1 net.

La Branche, G. M. L. *The Dry Fly and Fast Water*. Scribner. \$2 net.

McCraith, L. M. *The Romance of Irish Heroines*. Longmans. \$1.25 net.

Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. VIII. Oxford University Press. \$1.25.

Schmidt, J. E. *Shakespeares Dramen und sein Schauspielerberuf*. Stechert. 4m.

Smyth, A. *The Composition of the Iliad*. Longmans. \$1.75 net.

Taylor, J. M. *Before Vassar Opened*. Houghton Mifflin. \$1 net.

Toynbee, P. *Concise Dante Dictionary*. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d. net.

Wallace, C. W. *The First London Theatre*. University of Nebraska Studies.

Winterburn, F. H. *Novel Ways of Entertaining*. Harper. \$1 net.

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